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Vol. CLXXIX No. 2337 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 4 1944

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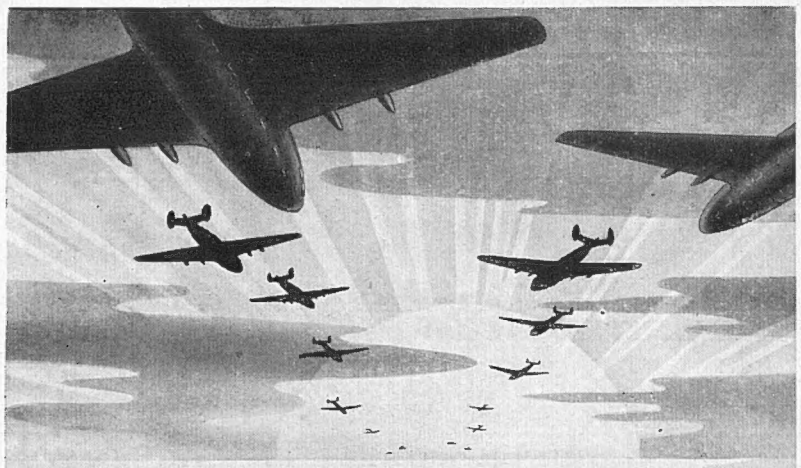

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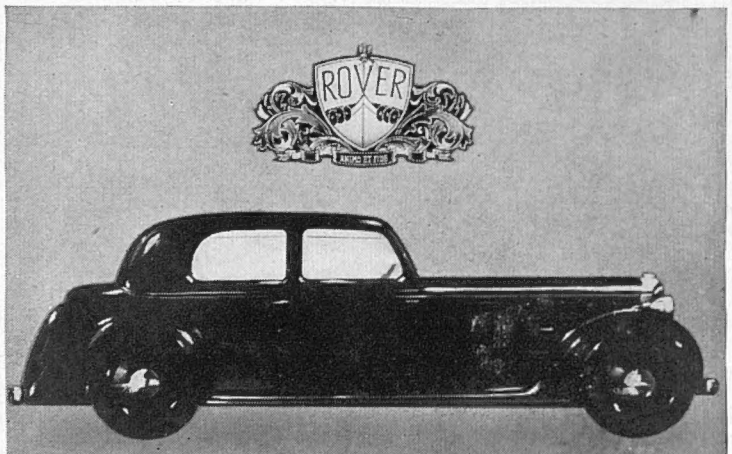

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Volume CLXXIX No. 2337 The SPHERE, London, November 4, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE BRITISH ADVANCE ON TILBURG, IN HOLLAND. **THE BAILEY BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER RAISEL AT MAESGESTEL, as troops of the Second Army moved up for the capture of the town. Lorries, tanks and infantry all had to cross over this narrow causeway**

On October 28, the important town of Tilburg was reported to be completely clear of the Germans. This was one of a series of operations carried out by General Dempsey to trap 40,000 Germans in the Maas area. To smash the Nazi line in Holland, advances were made simultaneously at Hertogenbosch, Tilburg and in Beveland: very shortly, the key town of Breda was also captured, and the 40,000 Germans had been penned in a 60-mile-long finger of land south of the River Maas. The terrain is a difficult one, with the ever-present waterways hampering a straightforward advance innumerable rivers and canals have to be crossed, at places where the retreating enemy have destroyed the bridges. Here, the famous Bailey bridges are providing the best method of pursuing the enemy at speed, owing to the rapidity of their construction and their capacity for bearing heavy lorry traffic and tanks

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 270

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Decisive Victory—Forgotten.—The naval battle of the Philippines appears to have been a crushing, even decisive, victory, and perhaps one of the world's decisive battles. It was fought for four days at least under wireless silence. When preliminary results were released by the Allied commands, this tremendous battle and achievement of the American Navy and Allied Air Arms had all the headlines . . . for exactly one day. The next day the B.B.C. did not mention it, and in our Press any reference to it was hard to come by. Not even a two-day, let alone a nine-day, wonder! Was Trafalgar or even Jutland treated in this way? I rather think not. Do we suffer from a plethora of news? No doubt we do. Or are we, like the ancient Athenians, always clamouring for some "new thing"? As a matter of proportion, as it seems to me, we should give longer attention to the things that matter and not drop like hot coals the vital events in favour of the next day's triviality. We owe that to the men who do the fighting. I often twit the more sensational Press for starting a rumour one day (e.g., assassination of Himmler, or evasion of Göring) and dropping it without apology or explanation the next day. There may be excuse for "dropping" quite unfounded rumours; none at all for making stale news of a decisive victory twelve hours after it has been announced.

Between the Lines.—Looking coolly back now, and reading between the lines of Mr. Churchill's public utterances made in the last six months, we may fairly judge that the wave of optimism which swept the Allied nations round about last July was no mere wishful thinking by uninformed masses, but was an impulse and belief which carried forward, and directed, the speech and actions of statesmen, mouthpieces, strategists and recognised pundits among all the Allied nations. It is as clear as paint that recent Nazi resistance on all the fronts, despite the splendid advances of the Allies, has come as an unpleasant and unexpected surprise and shock to the cognoscenti. In all wars, the peoples—the patient asses—are encouraged to drive on to victory by alternate applications of carrots and goads, boosts and warnings. That is understandable. War leaders are human, men of like passions with ourselves and, like us, a prey to hopes and doubts, optimism and pessimism. The current opinions of war leaders are usually less fluctuating and more substantially based than ours, for the reason that they have access to the expert Intelligence Service reports and to such facts and figures as are established. Looking coolly back, it does not now seem to us in the street that the miraculous and sweeping surge of the Allies across France and Belgium can alone have produced in our leaders and those of other Allies such a strong confidence that the Nazis' will and power to resist was almost at breaking-point. There must have been mighty evidences adduced by our Intelligence of weaknesses, economic, political, internal, within the Reich, and we are justified in our curiosity to know what those evidences were, on what based and whether still relied on. The new official "damping-down" comes at a time when the uninformed public, reading between the lines of Nazi broadcasts to Germans, observes a very new and significant change from would-be confidence to patent pleading. Goebbels clearly no longer hopes to convince his nation of ultimate victory. He pleads with hardly-veiled anxiety for something better than unconditional surrender; he asks no more than negotiated, "generous" (and quick) terms from the conquerors. (Which he will not get.) This *is* an encouraging feature for the uninformed student of the times, and tells him more that is hopeful than the official Intelligence Service is yet prepared to release, and at the moment apparently it is a straw in the wind more encouraging to the public than to the pundit.

THE LATE DR. WILLIAM TEMPLE, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, whose death was announced on October 26 after a brief illness, which followed a heart attack. By his death the Church of England has lost a great leader. Before his translation to the Chair of St. Augustine he had long been recognised as a great Churchman and scholar, and his succession to Archbishop Lang at York in 1929 was regarded as inevitable. Dr. Temple was born in 1881 and was the son of the Bishop of Exeter, who became Archbishop of Canterbury from 1896 to 1903. Educated at Rugby and Balliol, he was ordained in 1908. In 1910 he was appointed Headmaster of Repton School, and later was Rector of St. James, Piccadilly, from 1914-18. In 1921, he was nominated to the Bishopric of Manchester, and in 1929 he became Archbishop of York. His enthronement as the ninety-sixth Archbishop of Canterbury took place in April 1942

Tilsit.—There will be no new Peace of Tilsit in 1944. That city of iron foundries and engineering works has, no doubt, an ominous ring in its name, for both combatants to-day. In September 1807, Napoleon there dictated terms which reduced Prussianism to second-class dimensions for a time, and Prussia to second-class status. Prussianism (in which is included Nazism among its unpleasant manifestations) soon raised its head again, and its long reign of aggression dates from its next rise following the humiliation of Tilsit in 1807. After that, it never really looked back until to-day. In a sense, therefore, there is significance in Tilsit being in the news again. In a real sense, the long, long cycle of Prussian aggression has come full circle; but the new peace which will again relegate Prussianism to second-rate dimensions will be dictated in Berlin. Perhaps the Berlin peace will be more effective than the Peace of Tilsit in 1807. Meanwhile, some students of war say that the Russian advance into East Prussia has no great significance in the broad strategy of the Eastern War Front; others say that the liquidation of East Prussia is a vital hinge of Stalin's full and final approach to Berlin. I content myself with saying that *psychologically* this fighting, east and west, on German soil is of supreme importance. It is bringing home at last to the German people what *unsuccessful* war means, and what war means to civilians under the heel of the invader. This experience is novel (since the beginning of the nineteenth century), and will be salutary for all Europe. I am not one of those exuberant "eminent men" who confidently give the date of the end of the war, but I *am* optimistic that already the German civilian is sharply at odds with the Nazi soldier and that he is doing what he dares and can do to undermine the latter's will to fight on to the last ditch. In a word, I think there are now again two nations in the Reich, and two opinions about the desirability of saving Hitler's chestnuts at any sacrifice. More than half Germany has had quite enough rough-house and has lost most of its pride and aggression, *pro tem.*

A Link and a Torch.—The death of Princess Beatrice at a great age and the untimely death of William Temple, Primate, occurred on the same day, October 26. We may fairly regard this Princess, the last surviving child of the great Queen, as a link with the past. We may go farther and add "a link with our great past." In default of a better age (at date), the Victorian age was indeed "great." I have, in the way of business, read a good deal about the earlier and family life of Princess Henry of Battenberg (as she was long known), and it is no secret that of all Queen Victoria's children she, the youngest, made the greatest sacrifices to maintain in the Queen's family circle that "solar system" of one sun and many satellites which the Queen conceived to be necessary and proper to her lonely and dazzling position. Prince and Princess Henry sacrificed themselves on that altar. According even to Victorian ideas, family life at Balmoral, Windsor and Osborne in that reign was dreary, arduous and colourless beyond description. Duty never lacks its reward. From her childhood, she was a great comfort to her mother. Love, respect and even a sense of humour were never wanting in their relations, if love and lightness of touch were sometimes sacrificed or obscured by legendary sorrows and responsibility too heavily stressed. Princess Beatrice never lost her sense of humour and those human warmths which neither the Queen nor any of her children lacked, but which she and many of her children perforce concealed sometimes from public view. At the end of her life she was a living reference-book of the history and of the precedents of the Victorian monarchy, and a great upholder of its fine traditions. The Queen bequeathed to her a document of great historic value, her diaries. Princess Beatrice recopied the whole. Some may think she edited them too strictly. Others will agree she was the best surviving judge of what was fit for print. It was my privilege to see something of Archbishop Temple in his private life at all stages of his career. What the Bishop of London said of him on October 26 was finely said and very truly said. His simplicity, humility, humour and essential goodness stood out in social intercourse. His great intellectual gifts and his tremendous purpose never obtruded to confound or embarrass the young or the unimportant. One forgot that he was an Archbishop, and a great one; in the give-and-take of family and social life, he was never a privileged person, never a lion. He could be the life and soul of the party, like Bishop Gore. If he roared, he roared with laughter. Pomposity and prosiness were not in him. He claimed equality with the youngest and humblest of a house party . . . and got it—no more. And—like Bishop Gore—he gave always more than he got of the sweets and humour of civilised human intercourse. He proved in his life and character the great (but often hidden) truth that true greatness is, first and foremost, simplicity and humility, and that true religion is the source of true happiness, and never underrates the value of laughter and frivolity, but rather banishes pomposity and heaviness.

Lord Winterton.—This year on November 14 Lord Winterton completes forty years as Member for Horsham Division. I remember clearly when he was the Baby of the House, in 1904; barely of age. Now I suppose he is the acting Father of the House. Mr. Lloyd George—whose record is many years longer—puts in only rare appearances. Lord Winterton, if not the acting Father, is certainly the active Father of the House. He intervenes on every conceivable subject, and much deference is paid to his knowledge of precedent and procedure and to his continuous experience of the House and its ways. He has always been popular in the House and in his constituency. It so happens that for many years (due to circumstances) he has come to be regarded as "the Member for West Sussex," which returns two members. West Sussex has always been regarded as a "Stronghold of Toryism." I would not say that to-day Lord Winterton represents the typical Tory, or that the fortress is now secure at every gate. If it is not, local Conservative Associations have none to blame but themselves. I should say Lord Winterton's gate will hold as long as he is willing to defend it. But he holds it on character, not with party banners. There is not much he does not know about West Sussex, and just now he is especially active in its behoof. West Sussex constituencies should always be represented in Parliament by men rooted in the soil of West Sussex. No carpet-bagger should be able to apply with any hope of success. I trust that this principle will be acknowledged by all concerned at the next General Election. In West Sussex, the primitive conditions of the eighteenth century survive notoriously—perhaps because primitive notions survive in local Conservative Associations.

THE OLD STAGER

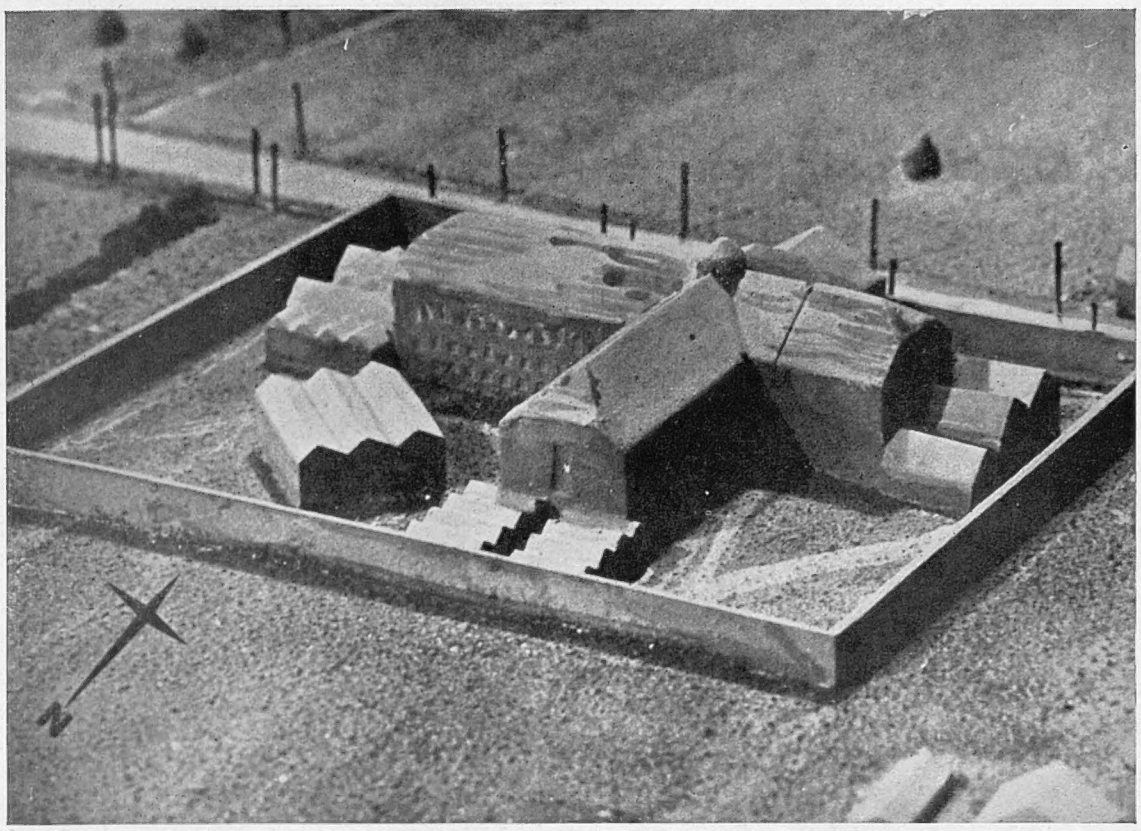
THE R.A.F. BREAK OPEN A FRENCH GAOL

To Free 100 Doomed French Patriots

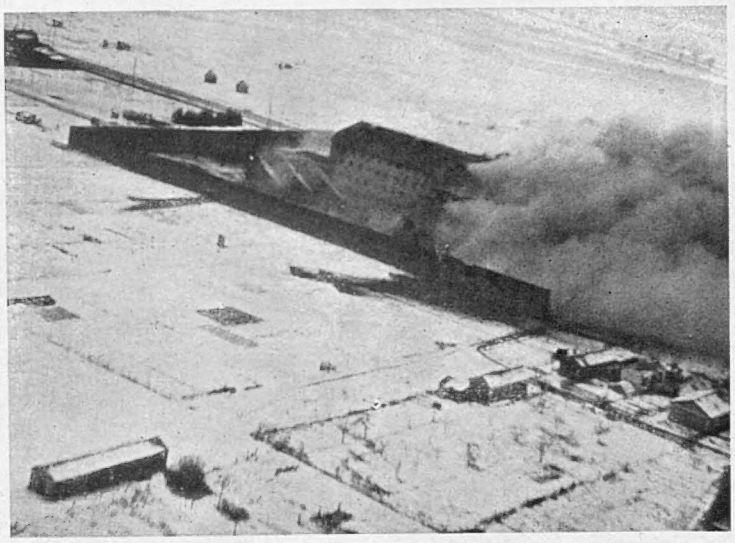
—The Last Flight of Group Captain Pickard

Details of one of the great operations carried out by the R.A.F. earlier in the year have now been released. On February 18, 1944, a Mosquito wing of the Second Tactical Air Force carried out an attack on the prison at Amiens in an attempt to assist more than 100 prisoners of the Germans to escape. These men were French patriots condemned to death for assisting the Allies, some of them airmen brought down during the course of operations over Nazi-held France.

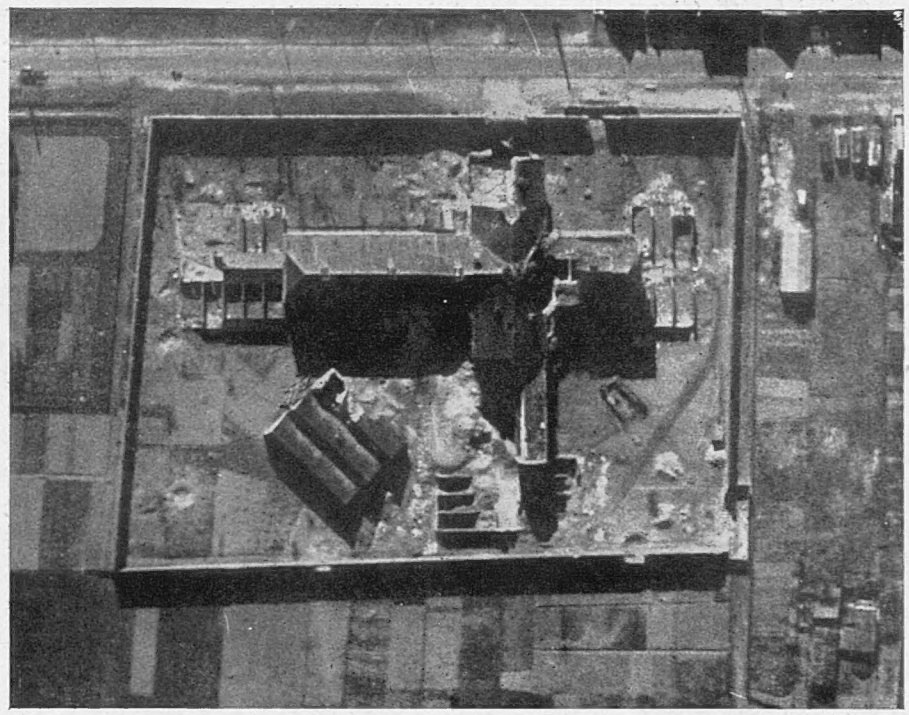
The prison is a cruciform building in a courtyard: it was guarded by German troops living in a special wing, the exact location of which was known. A model of the prison and its surroundings was made from photographs and other information secured by the Air Ministry, and it was from this that the crews were briefed. To obtain the accuracy required, it was necessary to bomb from "deck level." When the attack was made, the prison wall was breached, the ends of the building were broken and prisoners were seen by the crews taking part in the attempt to be running out. Group Captain P. C. Pickard, D.S.O. and two Bars, D.F.C., leader of the attack, was shot down, with his navigator, by enemy fighters. A Mosquito (which took part in the operation) made three runs over the target to take the picture reproduced below.



THE MODEL OF THE PRISON AT AMIENS, used in the briefing of the Mosquito crews which carried out the attempt on February 18, 1944. This model was built up from photographs and other information secured by the Air Ministry



HOW THE ATTACK WAS CARRIED OUT AT "DECK LEVEL." The scene at midday on February 18, 1944, after the first wave of Mosquitoes had bombed the prison. Note the snow lying on the ground



A RECONNAISSANCE PICTURE TAKEN ON MARCH 23. The escape breach can be seen on the right of the wall at the bottom of the picture. Just after the attack prisoners were seen to be escaping through this

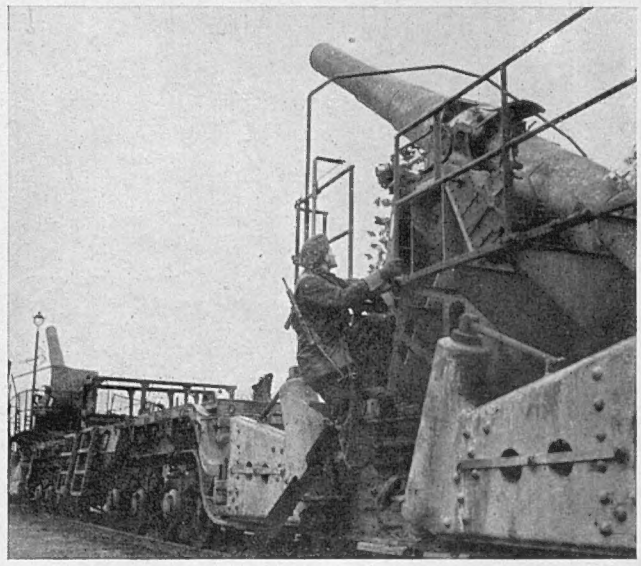
HOW THE PRISON BUILDINGS AND THE SURROUNDING WALLS WERE DAMAGED. The wing in the foreground is known to have housed the German prison guard. One big hole is apparent in the wall in the foreground and another, and bigger, breach may be seen on the far right

TAKEN SINCE THE ALLIED OCCUPATION. The breach in the south side of the outer wall at the prison in Amiens

VENRAIJ, BRESKENS and HERTOGENBOSCH

Pictures of the British and Canadian Advances at These Three Vital Spots in Holland

AS THE ATTACK ON **HERTOGENBOSCH** WAS LAUNCHED BY THE SECOND ARMY: An Avre tank, fitted with fascine bundles for filling in ditches, approaches the village of Nuland, while British infantrymen advance alongside it. It is around Hertogenbosch (where the Germans have some 40,000 men) that the enemy line began to crack last week



ONE OF THE THREE LARGE GERMAN GUNS IN THE **SCHELDT POCKET** captured by the Canadians. They are mounted on railway trucks and were used by the enemy to control the approaches to the port of Antwerp

BRITISH INFANTRY PASSING THROUGH GEFFEN, ON THE ROAD TO **HERTOGENBOSCH**: At dawn on October 22, the British Second Army struck westwards from Oss towards the important town and rail junction of Hertogenbosch, some 12 miles away. Within the first few hours of the attack, British infantry and supporting tanks advanced up to 2,000 yards; by October 24 many towns and villages had been captured and battle had been joined in Hertogenbosch itself. By the 26th, half of the town was being held by British troops, and the enemy's line south of the Maas River was being closely threatened

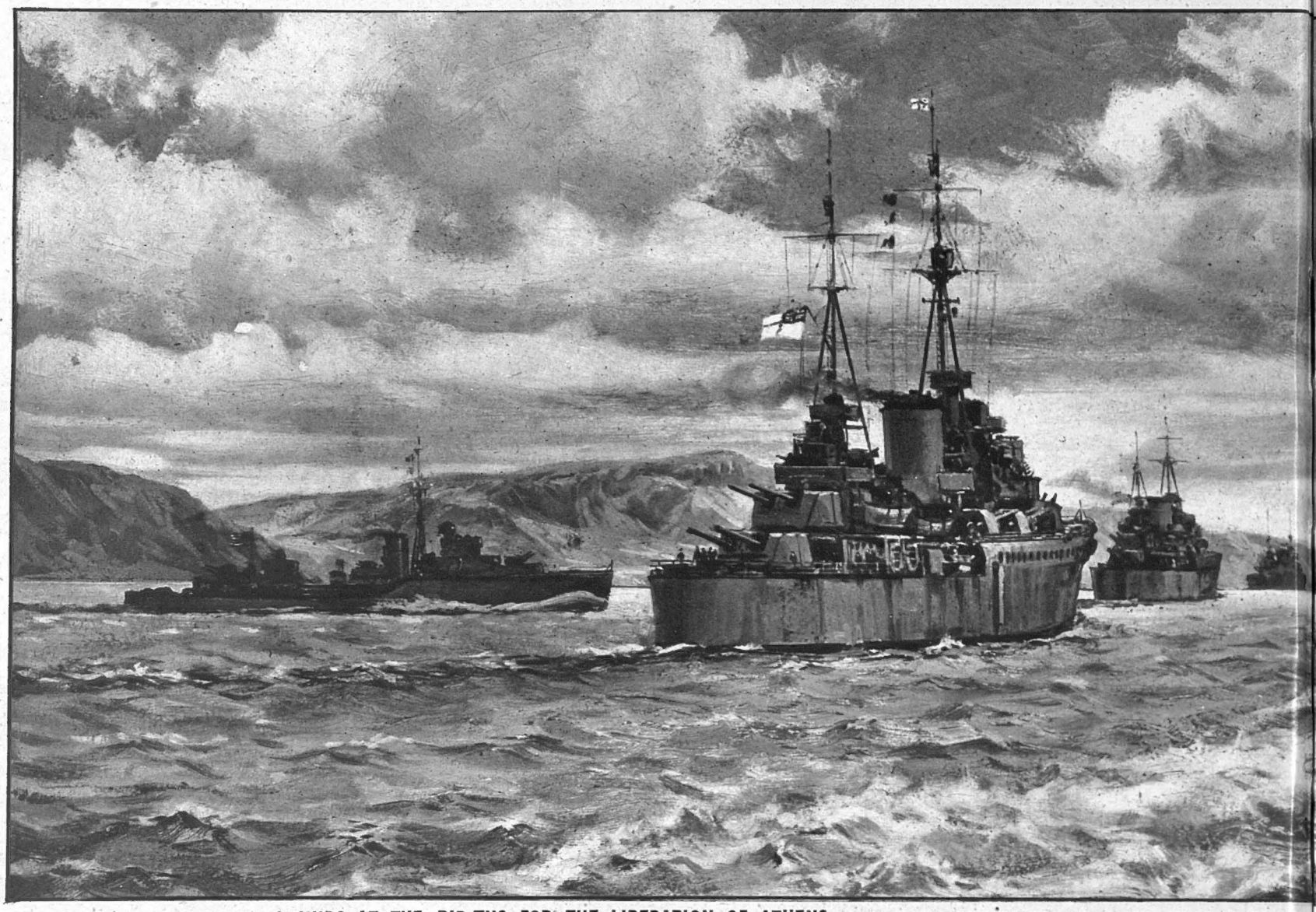
BRESKENS—A PORT OF RUINS AND "FORTRESSES." Two pictures showing the condition of this Scheldt town after the Canadian entry

Breskens lies at the mouth of the Scheldt River, commanding the entrance to Antwerp. It was held with the grimmest tenacity by the Germans, who formed a strong "pocket" at this point. The Canadians stormed the port on October 22 in a sudden lightning advance along the estuary of the Scheldt. Breskens itself was found to be badly battered as a result of the pounding it had received in days of non-stop fighting. The picture on the left above shows one of the concrete "fortresses" which defended the town: it had been camouflaged to represent an ordinary villa. The picture on the right shows the town square—or what is left of it: the fort seen on the right was camouflaged with a corrugated roof; below is a mass of solid concrete

BRITISH TROOPS WAITING BY THE ROADSIDE TO ADVANCE INTO VENRAIJ. It was announced on October 18 that Venraij, the important Dutch road and rail junction west of the River Maas, was completely in British hands after two days of stiff fighting. There was considerable enemy sniping before all the German elements were finally mopped up; but quite soon after the entry a total of 800 prisoners had been taken in this difficult operation and a gain of ground of about eight square miles had been made. British infantry and tanks then went on beyond the heap of rubble that was Venraij to capture other villages in the neighbourhood

THE BRITISH ATTACK NORTH OF ANTWERP. In making their advance for this attack, the British tanks crossed the Antwerp-Turnhout Canal by the Bailey bridge seen in the picture on the left. They then passed on through Ryckevorsel and St. Leonard, through the former of which they are seen passing in the picture on the right. The attack opened on October 21: advancing in a north-westerly direction, the British were within three miles of Esschen on the following day and were then pushing on towards the Scheldt pocket, where thousands of Germans were trapped

GERMAN ESCAPE SHIPS FOUND WRECKED AT BRESKENS. The enemy had gathered a number of river craft and barges to make good their escape across the River Scheldt to Flushing. These were located by Allied airmen, however, who promptly set out to bomb the escape ships and wreck them. When the Canadians captured Breskens, they found the wreckage at the water's edge; and along some of the dykes they found other and smaller craft loaded on lorries which had been similarly wrecked by Allied bombers



THE ASSEMBLY OF ALLIED WARSHIPS AT THE PIRÆUS FOR THE LIBERATION OF ATHENS. MORE THAN 150 WARSHIPS OF VARIOUS TYPES TOOK PART: capital. From left to right, are—the Greek destroyer "Miaoulis" (of the Hunt class); the British Leander-class cruiser "Orion" (flying the flag of Rear-Piræus); the cruisers "Ajax" and "Aurora"; and the Greek destroyer "Coundouriotis"—*Drawing by Montague*

THE LIBERATION OF GREECE

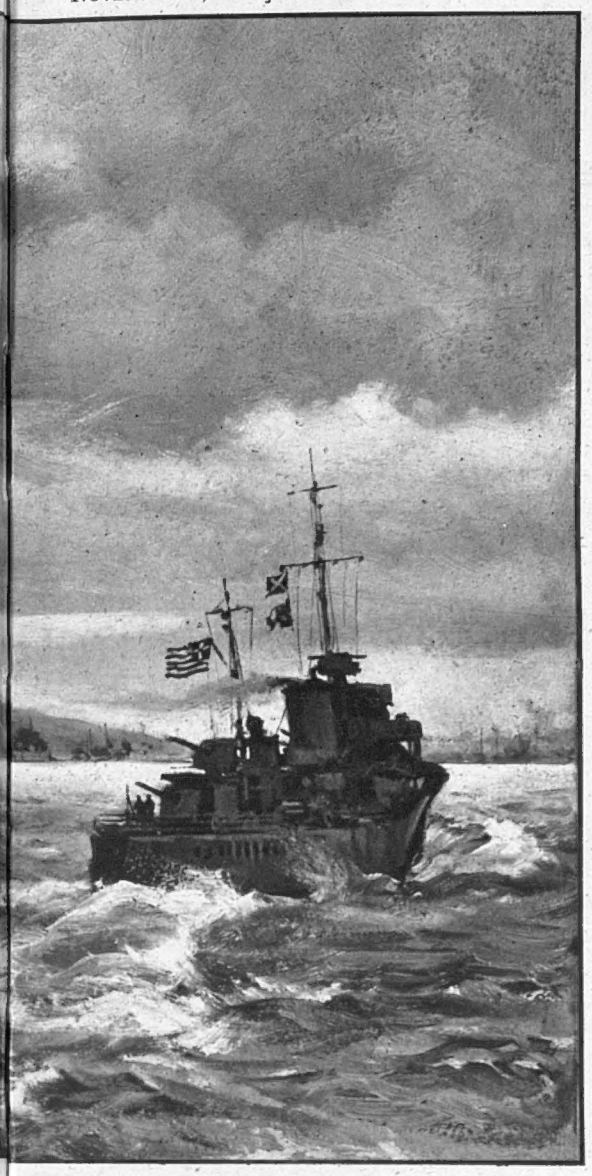
Scenes in the Capital as the British Forces Landed from the Air and Sea

After three-and-a-half years of occupation by the Germans, Athens was set free on October 14 when British troops and Greek partisans entered the world-famous city, from which the Germans had fled. At the beginning of October parachute troops arrived on the Peloponnesus, to prepare an airfield. Greek villagers rushed down to welcome the long-awaited liberators. Landing craft arrived later.

An advance was at once made on Patras, on the Gulf of Corinth, where a German garrison was holding out. Four days of somewhat curious fighting took place, for the enemy did not seem anxious to indulge in fierce resistance. The German Commander, Captain Magnus, was willing to surrender, but was deposed, and desultory fighting went on till the enemy managed to slip away by night. Patras was entered on October 4 amid a tumultuous welcome. The port had suffered little damage, and was therefore immediately available for supplies. As the British advanced, the Germans made no further opposition, but escaped by air or in small boats, making for Salonika. The liberating forces arrived in Athens by air, coming down outside the city, in the midst of a sudden storm. Greeks, who had been waiting for hours, rushed to the assistance of the men whose parachutes had become caught or entangled by the wind. Other troops arrived in rowing-boats, and all were received with the utmost enthusiasm. When Athens was entered, the people's joy was almost delirious, houses were bedecked with flowers.

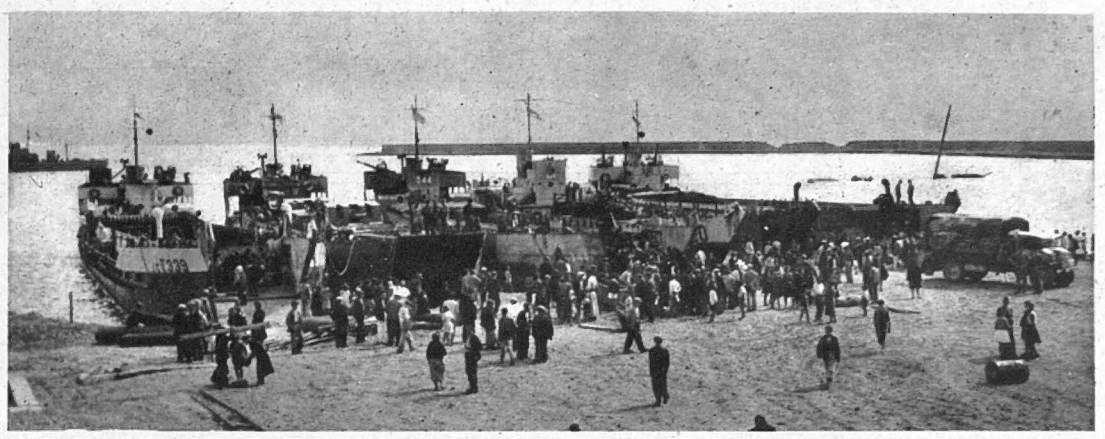
THE GREEK GOVERNMENT RETURNS TO ATHENS: They landed at Heracles, near the capital, on October 18. Here the Premier, M. George Papandreou, is climbing the steps of the Acropolis in Athens to raise the Greek national flag. With him is Lieut.-General Scobie, the Land Task Force Commander in Greece

BRITISH TROOPS DISEMBARK AT PIRÆUS: a picture taken from the air by an R.A.F. official photographer showing Greek crowds watching the disembarkation. Athens and the Piræus were occupied on October 14 after British airborne troops, carried in American aircraft, had played a leading part in the liberation operations



Here some of them are depicted steaming towards the Admiral Mansfield, commanding the force occupying the

Dawson



HOW THE R.A.F. LANDED IN GREECE. It was men of the R.A.F. Regiment (part of the Land Forces, Adriatic) who captured the port of Patras on October 4. The actual landing was made at the small harbour of Kata Kolon, near Pyrgos. Armoured cars with personnel of the R.A.F. Regiment and Special Marine Commandos were the first to go ashore. The picture above was taken at the very moment of landing

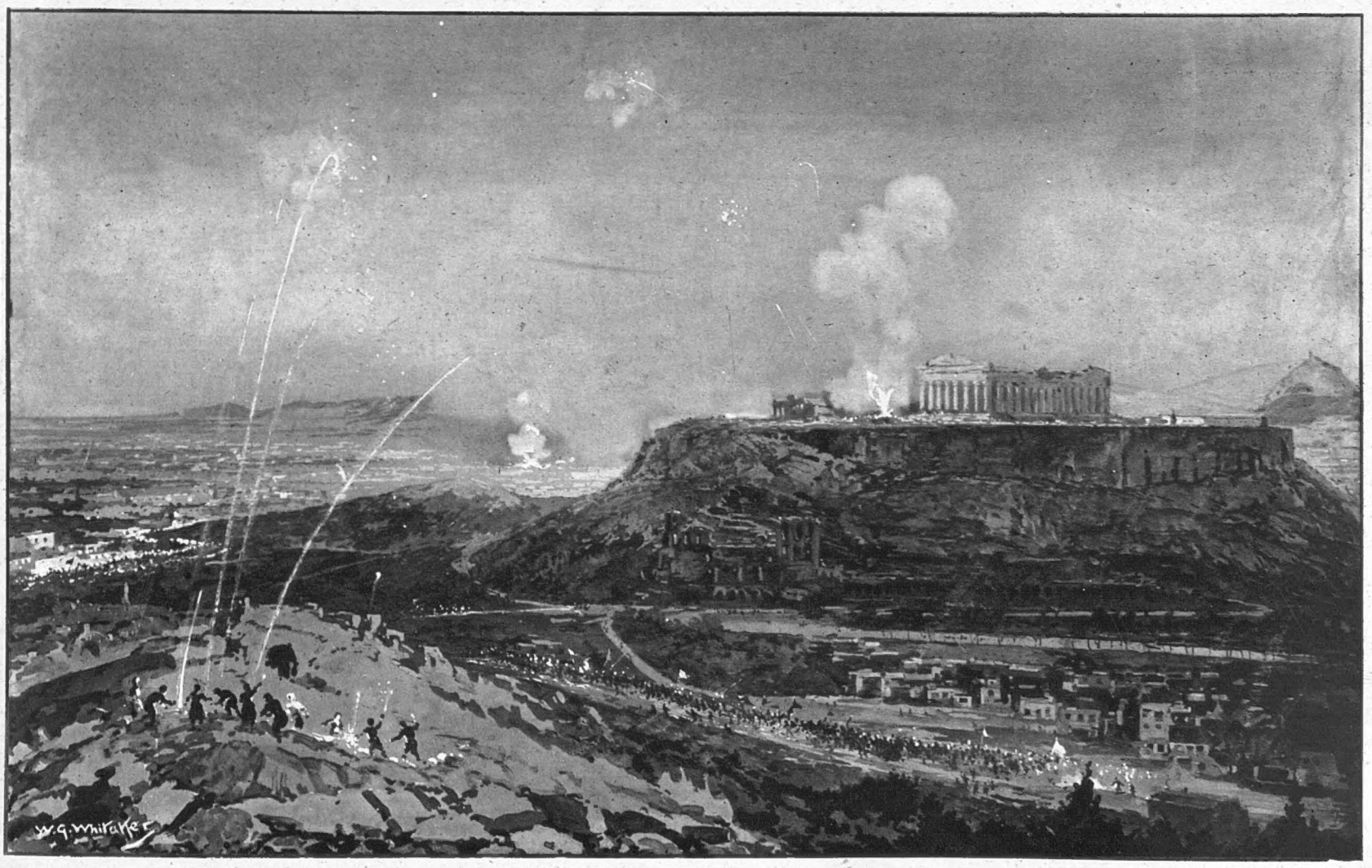
processions marched with flags, and the next day, October 15, the whole city gave itself up to merry-making, with dancing and singing. More troops, supplies and equipment arrived at the Piræus, and the liberating force in Greece assumed a greater striking power for the complete driving out of the enemy.

Athens burst into another day of enthusiasm when the Greek Prime Minister, M. Papandreou, arrived, accompanied by General Scobie, British Commander-in-Chief in Greece, and Rear-Admiral Mansfield. He landed at Herakles, receiving a tumultuous welcome.

The general impression which the Greeks have made upon the British is that they are vastly different from the Italians. They ask for nothing, no begging for chocolate or cigarettes, but show a willingness to give what they can, such as tomatoes and grapes, upon which they have been living. But though showing obvious signs of hunger, they can be easily aroused to violent excitement over political questions, on which they are prepared to show no compromise.

On right—As the men landed, Greek men, women and children were ready to help them in case they should be hurt on reaching the ground. The Allied parachutists had expected to have to fight, but instead the Greeks waited to catch each man. This airfield is located between Athens and the Piræus: in the foreground, Greek peasants are helping to release a parachutist who had just landed, whilst others are still on the way down

HOW THE BRITISH PARACHUTISTS ACTUALLY LANDED from Dakota aircraft on to an airfield near Athens



HOW ATHENS CELEBRATED ITS LIBERATION: THE WILD SCENE AS TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS WERE ORGANISED AND FIREWORKS WERE DISCHARGED, in honour of the British, around the historic Acropolis, with the Parthenon lit up by the bonfires—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

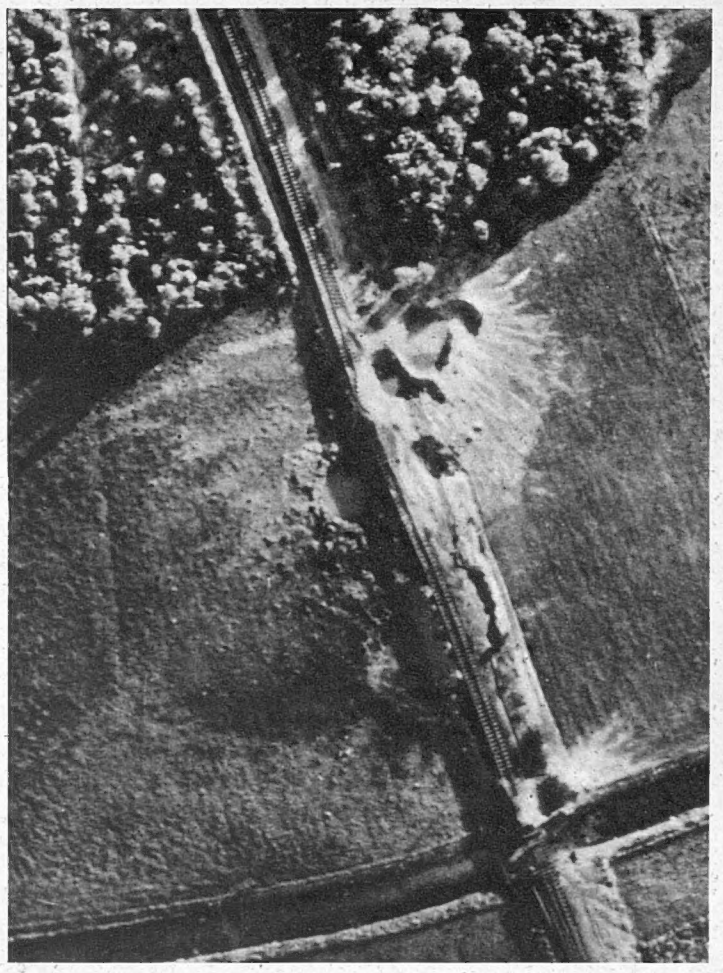
After the liberation of the Greek capital, Athens became a boiling cauldron of patriotic and political emotion. At dawn crowds were already beginning to surge through the beflagged streets: as more bodies of British airborne troops entered, the crowds almost got out of hand in their great enthusiasm. As the day wore on, the Athenians grew more and more delirious with excitement. They formed torchlight processions, sent up fireworks, lit bonfires around the Acropolis (from which the Greek flag—raised by the Greek Premier—once again floats) and behaved in just the manner one would expect from a volatile people freed after years of suffering under the Nazi yoke

BRIDGES, BARGES and SHIPS

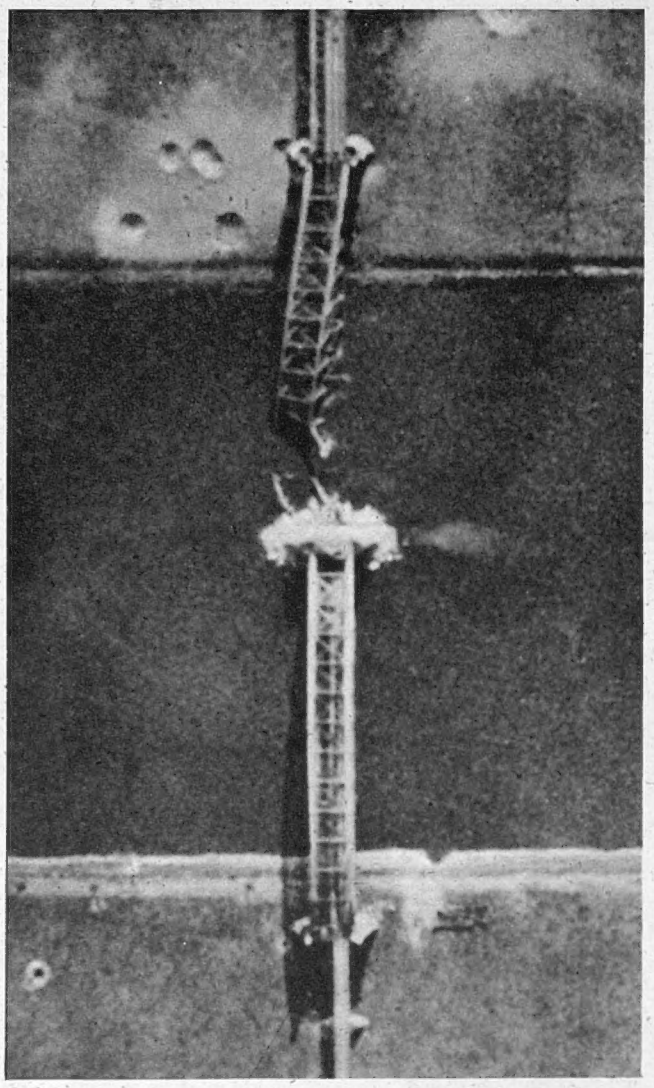
Bombed during Recent Widespread Operations by the R.A.F. Over Enemy-Occupied Europe

During the past few weeks great support has been given to the Second British Army in Holland by Typhoon fighter-bombers of the Second Tactical Air Force. By cutting railroads and bridges in Germany and Holland, the bombers have thrown the supply system for the German armies on the Western Front into a state of chaos and added greatly to the difficulties of the Nazi High Command.

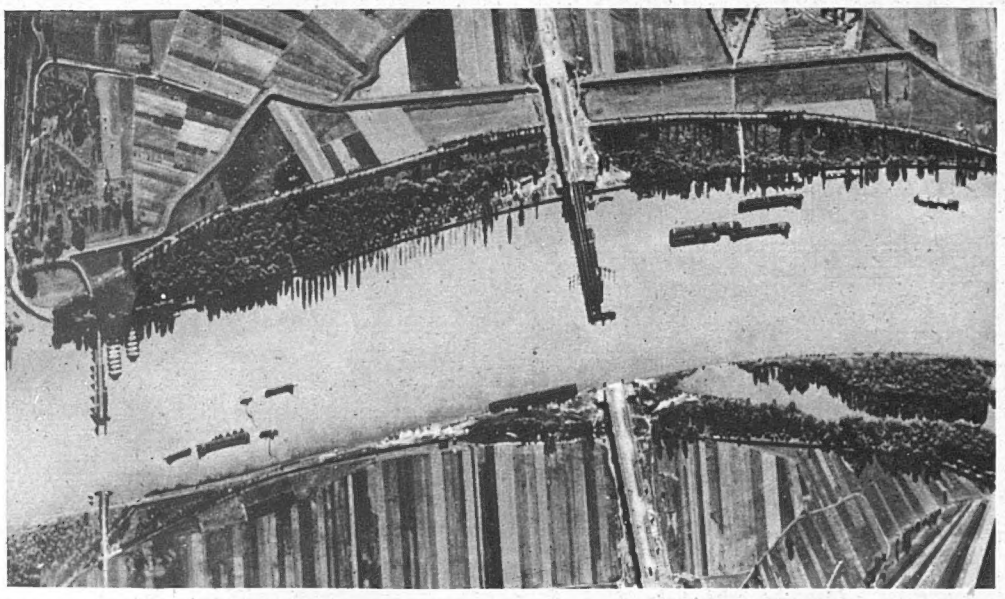
Elsewhere in Europe, from the Eastern Mediterranean right up to Norway, other R.A.F. bombers have been carrying out their work of disrupting communications and sinking supply vessels. For this, bombs, rocket shells, machine-gun bullets, and every other offensive missile manufactured by the Allies have been usefully employed



TYPHOON FIGHTER-BOMBERS CUT THE GERMAN RAILWAYS AND BRIDGES. This railway east of Geldern was cut after an attack by Second Tactical Air Force fighter-bombers. In this case, a small bridge was badly damaged and the embankment undermined for about 50 yards as a result of direct hits by 1,000-lb. bombs. Geldern is a railway junction between the Maas and the Rhine, from which lines radiate to Wesel, Crefeld, Limburg and Arnhem

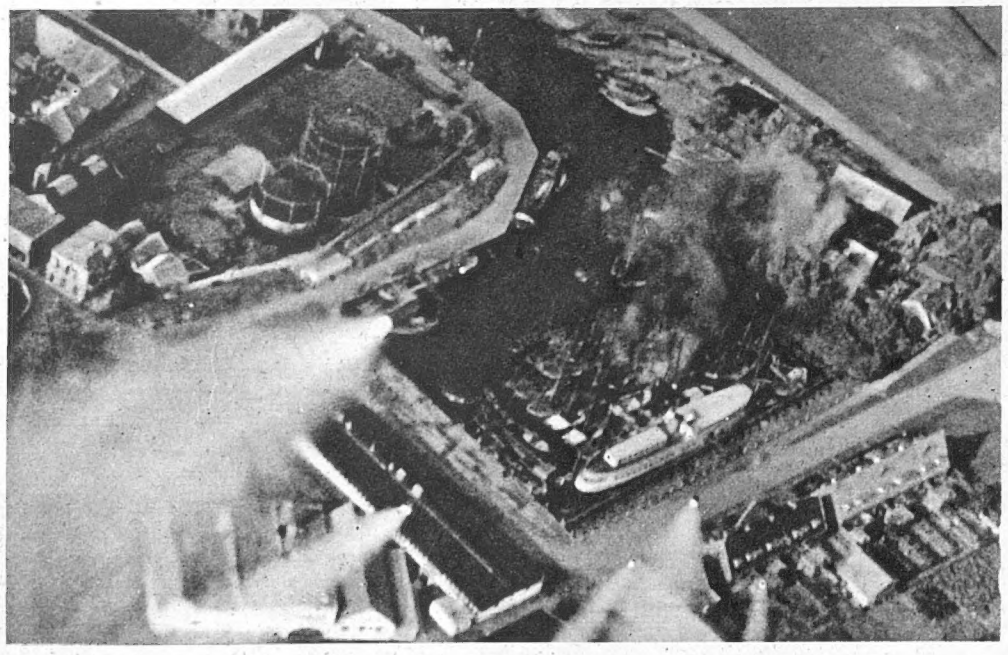


HOW THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT RHENEN WAS CUT: This bridge across the River Neder Rhein carried the Amersfoort-Merm-Arnhem railway; it was one of the key railways for bringing supplies to the German armies operating in Northern Holland. One span of the bridge has now been demolished by Typhoons and is lying in the river



TWO RHINE BRIDGES DOWN. Both are located near Frankenthal, in Germany. The highway bridge on the left and the bigger railway bridge on the right were both used by the enemy to rush supplies to the battle zones. Both were rendered useless by American bombers of the Ninth Air Force at a moment which was critical for the Nazi armies in Holland

IN THE AEGEAN SEA: An attack on a German supply ship. Aircraft of a Middle East Beaufighter Squadron, while on patrol, located and destroyed a large-tonnage enemy ship, the *Drache*, whilst its cargo was being unloaded at the jetty at Port Vathy, on Samos Island, in the Aegean. These constant low-level attacks by Beaufighters have deprived the enemy of food, ammunition and equipment over a wide area in the Mediterranean theatre of war. In the above picture, rockets and bombs are seen finding their target, and columns of water from near-misses are being flung into the air



***On left*—GERMAN BARGES ON THE RIVER MAAS, IN HOLLAND,** are the target here during an attack by rocket-firing Typhoons. These vessels are being much used by the Nazis in the present Dutch campaign, for supply purposes and for the reinforcement or evacuation of troops along the River Scheidt and amongst the islands along the coast

THE RUSSIAN NORTHERN ARMIES CAPTURE RIGA AND THEN PRESS ON TO MEMEL AND TILSIT. They are now advancing through East Prussia towards Konigsberg by way of Insterburg—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The ATTACK UPON EAST PRUSSIA

By Way of Estonia and Lithuania

The Russians have at last broken through part of the northern defences of East Prussia, and are advancing westward along the road to Konigsberg. A long pause had taken place since their first approach to the frontier of East Prussia last August, when their rapid forward movement was driving the Germans from city after city. The enemy seemed unable to stop anywhere, but at the frontier of the Fatherland they stood firm at last.

A long lull ensued on the East Prussia frontier while the Russians prepared to clear out the enemy from the Baltic provinces. The Germans were gradually pressed back towards the coast, till finally, on September 22, Tallinn, the capital of Estonia and the chief port on the Gulf of Finland, was captured, and two days later two smaller ports, Baltiski and Parnu, were taken, and all Estonia was freed from the Germans. The enemy's policy had been to hold on to the Baltic provinces as long as possible, even if it meant the loss of their armies, for in so doing they were holding off large Russian forces from their own frontiers. The Russians next attacked the islands of Oesel and Dago, which block the Gulf of Riga. The smaller island of Dago was captured on October 4, and the following day the Russians landed on Oesel, finally driving the enemy down to the narrow peninsula, where they held on stubbornly, as its possession still kept the main entrance to the Gulf. Riga meanwhile was holding out, being very strongly fortified, protected by a chain of lakes and the wide River Doina. The Russians were gradually closing in upon the defences, while the garrison were preparing street barricades.

The Russian armies, no longer held up in Estonia, thus began a serious offensive against East Prussia, attacking chiefly from the north, in the direction of Memel and Libau, while another force advanced from the south, towards the River Narev. A definite break was made in the outer defences, which the enemy claimed were only lightly held, in order to give freedom of movement, but at the same time it was announced that the Russians were attacking in great force with no fewer than 600,000 men. By October 10 the Baltic coastline was reached, south of Libau, and Taurogen, after fierce fighting, was occupied. Memel was cut to the south when the Kurische Haff was reached, although a way of escape still lay along the narrow strip of sand, the Kurische Nehrung, which separates the haven from the sea. The frontier town of Eydtkuhnen, on the main line from Konigsberg, was captured on the 19th, in spite of the desperate efforts of the Germans, who were disputing every yard. The Russians pressed on towards Insterburg, fighting grim battles with a desperate enemy who had to announce that a breach 10 miles deep had been made.

RIGA IS FREE. *On left*—**The Red flag floats over the capital of the Latvian Republic after its liberation.** *On right*—**A group of Soviet tank men in the streets of the city**

A PICTURE TAKEN AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY MARSHAL STALIN in honour of the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary: Seated in front are—M. Molotov, Mr. Averell Harriman (U.S. Ambassador), Mr. Winston Churchill, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Anthony Eden. Standing at the back are—M. Berezhkov, Representative of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs; Sir Archibald Clark Kerr (British Ambassador), V. N. Pavlov, Russian interpreter; Major A. H. Birse, Mr. Churchill's interpreter; Mr. F. T. Gusev, Russian Ambassador to Britain

MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. EDEN LEAVE MOSCOW. With Marshal Stalin and M. Molotov, watching the march-past of the Red Army Guard of Honour just before their departure by air from the Russian capital

The AMERICAN INVASION of the PHILIPPINES

And the Occupation of Leyte Island on October 20

—Special Sphere Drawing and Map

On May 4, 1942, the last American stronghold in the Philippines—the fortified island of Corregidor, at the mouth of Manila Bay—surrendered after bitter fighting, and after the struggle on the neighbouring Bataan Peninsula had ceased on April 9. Now the Americans are back in the Philippines.

On Friday, October 20, General MacArthur, the Allied Supreme Commander in the Pacific, attacked the island of Leyte, in the Philippine group, with the biggest amphibious force yet employed in that theatre of war. After meeting with Japanese resistance of varying intensity, two major airfields and the capital city itself were effectively occupied.

The island selected for the invasion lies north of the big southern island of Mindanao, and is one of the principal islands in the central group. It is not in direct land communication with Manila, which lies some 430 miles to the north-east. Leyte is an irregularly shaped island, some 2,700 square miles in extent; it has one fairly wide valley behind the capital city of Tacloban, but the east of the island is made of high, tree-clad hills, with two or three outstanding peaks towering above masses of forest country.

The road communications on the island are good, owing to the presence of local asphalt deposits. Tacloban has a certain number of brick and stone buildings—they withstand the terrific seas which are sometimes blown in from the neighbouring arm of the sea. Leyte is separated from the nearest island by a channel—S. Juanito Strait—which narrows to a mile-and-a-half at certain points.

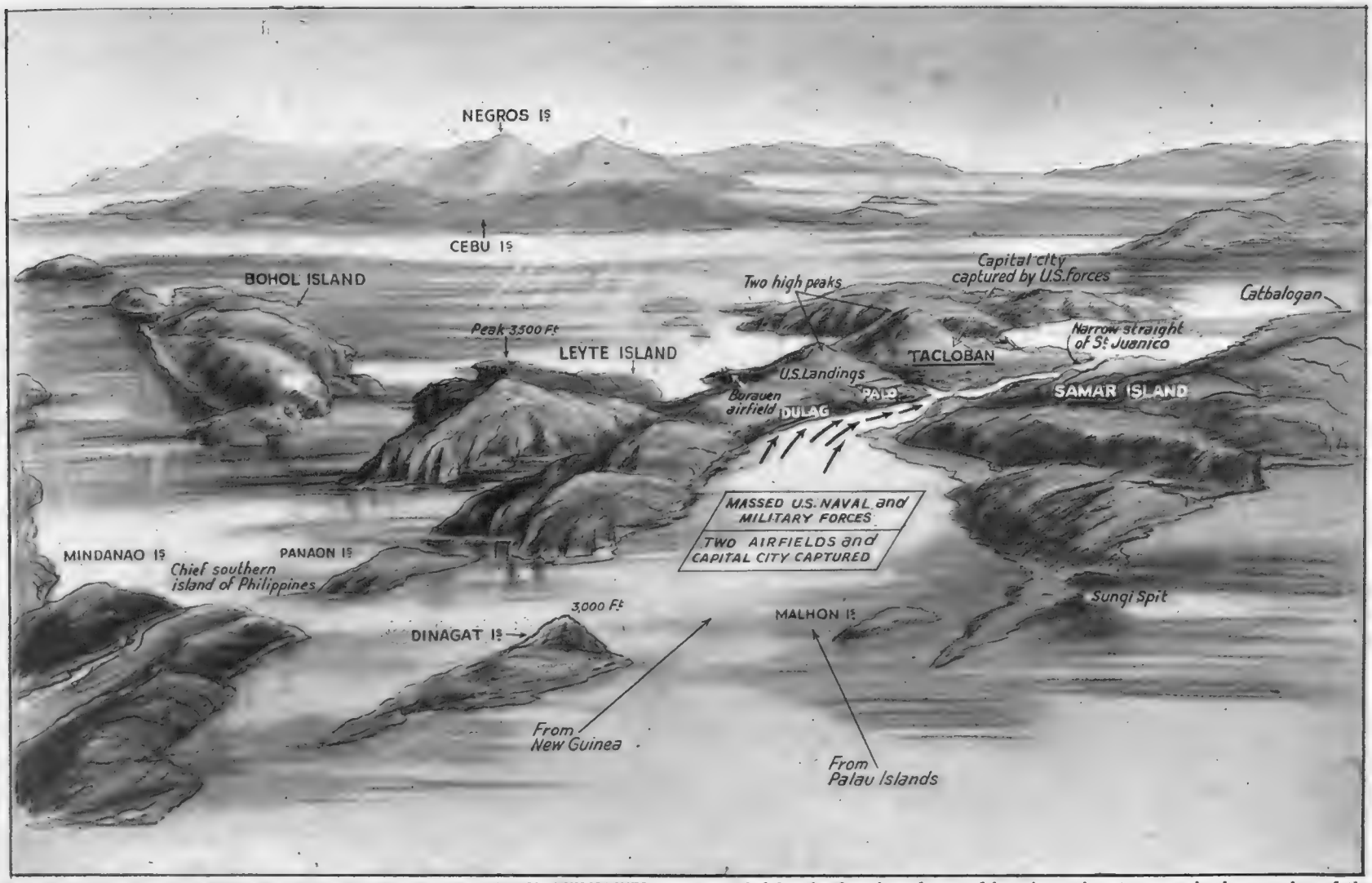
A number of smaller islands, exhibiting the same mountainous character, surround Leyte. One of these, Panoan, was occupied by a special landing force at the same time as the general attack towards Tacloban was being made. American Rangers had been ashore on three of these lesser islands for three days prior to the opening of the big attack.

The Japanese garrisons in the Philippines have been estimated by General MacArthur at 225,000: the new invasion has split these enemy forces into two. To carry out his designs, the Commander-in-Chief employed a vast armada of 600 warships and transports. So strong was the naval and air support that not a single ship was lost.

The special map on the left shows the whole of the Philippine group of islands, dominated by Luzon to the north and Mindanao to the south: Leyte Island lies midway between these two. In the drawing on the right the strategic island is depicted, showing its main features and indicating the manner and location of the invasion.

THE GROUP OF ISLANDS COMPRISING THE PHILIPPINES, now invaded by the Americans: Since 1898, when they were ceded after the Spanish-American War, the Philippines have been American territory. The group consists of 3,100 islands with a land surface of 115,000 square miles. Leyte lies almost in the centre of the group, and its possession by the Americans means that the Jap garrisons on Luzon to the north and Mindanao to the south are now separated. The landings on October 20 are the first to be attempted by the U.S. since the fall of Corregidor in May 1942

AN AMERICAN OPERATION IN ANOTHER PART OF THE PACIFIC: How two small U.S. warships evacuated the civilian native population of Wotje Atoll—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell.* With a Japanese garrison several thousand strong only a few miles away, the U.S. Navy has just carried out one of its most daring operations by evacuating the civilian native population of the Japanese-held, much-bombed fortress of Wotje Atoll, in the Marshall Islands. Two small warships sailed into the harbour by night, and a group of natives who had previously escaped lowered canoes. They sailed from hut to hut in the atoll with the news that the Americans were ready to take them away. Silently, 700 natives went to the warships. All the evacuees were in their own canoes, which were then towed to the open sea and on to an Allied-held atoll. The native craft of the Pacific vary greatly in design, and range from primitive paddled canoes to large and elaborate outrigged sailing canoes. This latter type would be very suitable for a sea passage.



A DETAILED DIAGRAM-DRAWING OF LEYTE ISLAND, IN THE CENTRAL PHILIPPINES, now occupied by the American forces of invasion, who at once gained possession of the capital and two airfields. The course followed by the Allied Fleet on its way to the city of Tacloban is here indicated: the northernmost tip of Mindanao is shown towards the left—*Drawing by Percy Home* (See notes at left)

HOW THE PHILIPPINES WERE ATTACKED FROM THE AIR: Following a "softening-up" raid by American carrier-based planes, smoke and debris fly up from Japanese installations at Licanan. During the raid many enemy supply dumps and airfields were crippled, and thus the way was paved for the landings on Leyte carried out on October 20

BEFORE THE INVASION OF THE PHILIPPINES: The air arm of the U.S. Pacific Third Fleet paid a visit to Manila, the capital on the island of Luzon. The imposing Manila Hotel, with its yacht harbour and gardens, can be seen in the immediate right foreground. This was only one of a number of similar attacks carried out before the invasion of Leyte Island

A rocket-firing vessel bombarding Morotai, in the Halmahera Islands (*on left*); Jap shipping being attacked by low-flying American aircraft on the same island (*on right*). At the time that the Palau Islands were being attacked, Morotai Island was invaded. In the picture on the left the rocket-firing vessel is seen shrouded in a smoke-screen as it looses off its deadly missiles prior to the assault forces going ashore: the rockets are seen actually in flight. On the right is the pier and shipping at Wasile as Mitchell bombers of the Fifth Air Force carried out a low-flying attack

IN THE LEOPOLD CANAL AREA, THE VILLAGES HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO FORTRESSES BY THE GERMANS. The Canadian troops have been fighting from waterlogged trenches in a land where any cutting into the soil immediately fills up with water

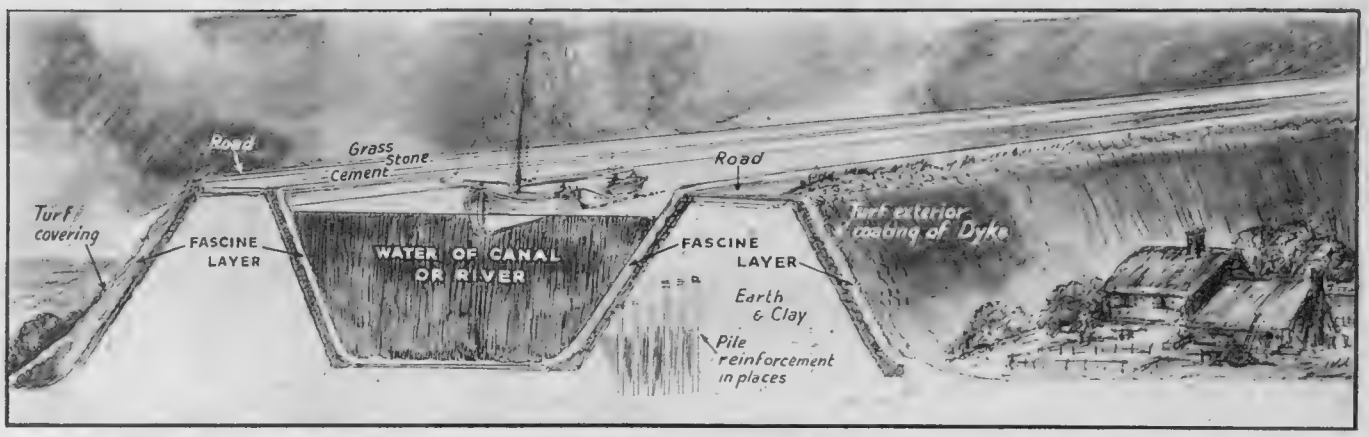
—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

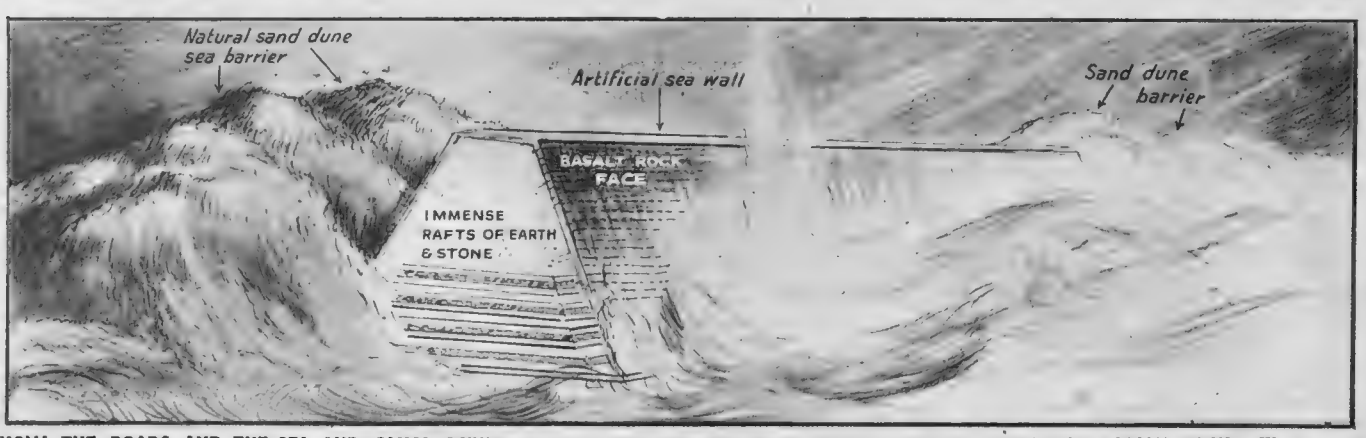
The task of clearing out the Germans from the villages between the Leopold Canal and the southern shore of the Western Scheldt has proved a particularly arduous one. After successfully crossing the Leopold Canal and descending to the level of the meadowland stretching northwards to the ferry port of Breskens, opposite Flushing, the Canadian troops found themselves confronted with a wide waterlogged area in which the fighting conditions have been unpleasant to the highest degree. Large stretches of the ground are naturally marshy, only the best-drained meadows being at all firm under foot. Even these are subject to seepage of water in the manner which characterises all Dutch polder land. If one digs a trench or cuts away the peat, the hollow will fill with water. This habitual moistness has been aggravated by heavy and persistent rainfall, so that attacks on such villages as Oostburg and Biervliet have meant that the attacking force has had to occupy trenches largely filled with water. The Germans had prepared these villages as strong-points, and with little or no natural cover to aid the advancing troops, the task of getting within close fighting range of these villages has been difficult.

The Fighting by Land and Air Around

ARNHEM and the LEOPOLD CANAL

Special Sphere Drawings





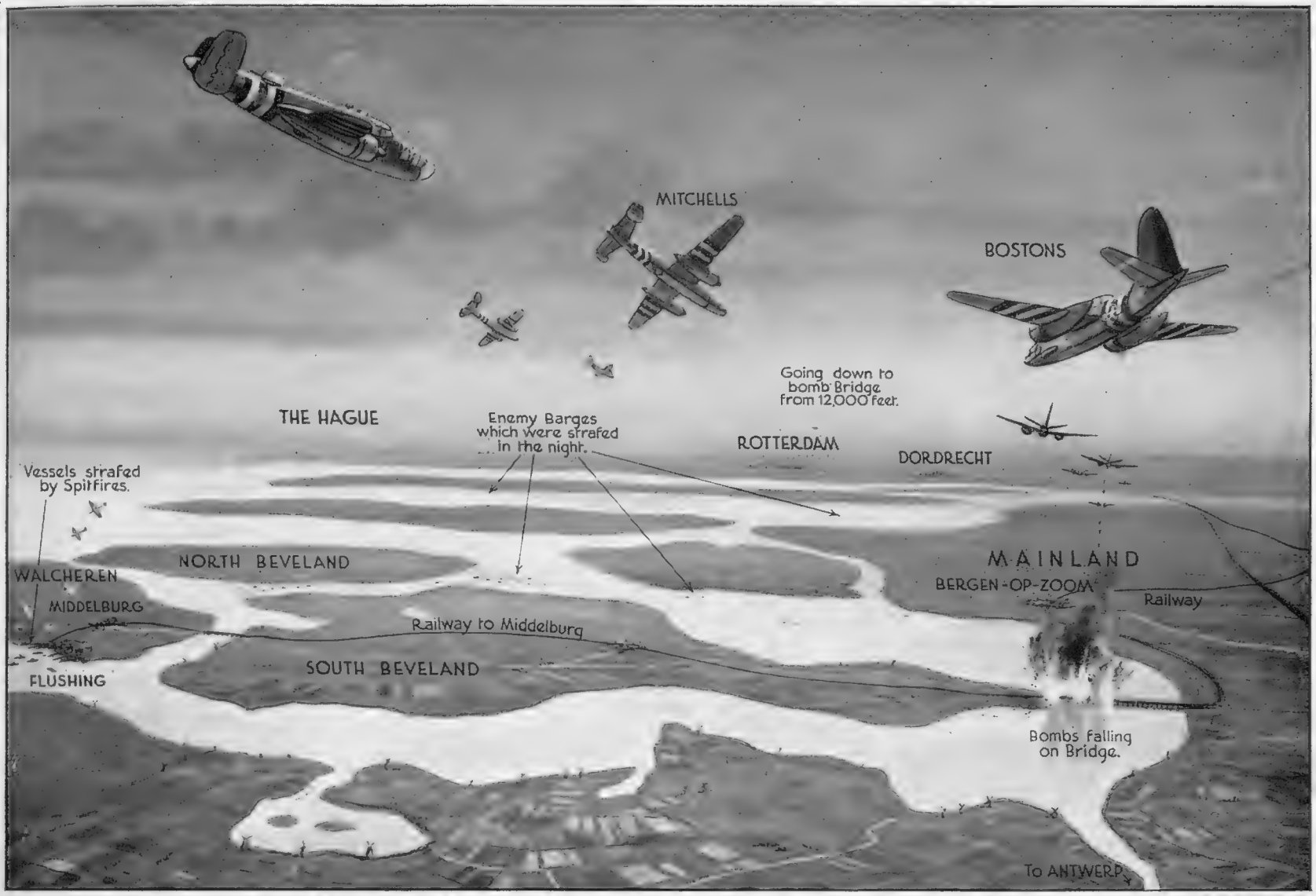
HOW THE ROADS AND THE SEA AND CANAL DYKES OF HOLLAND ARE BUILT UP WITH FASCINES, TURF AND BASALT ROCK. The upper drawing shows a typical canal or river dyke; the lower shows how the stronger sea-walls are faced with rock and built up with earth and stone—*Drawing by Percy Home*

It has been said that upon half-an-inch of water depends the safety of Holland to-day. What has been reclaimed must be kept; if the sea is to be kept at bay, the dunes must be guarded and the dykes kept in strictest repair. The dyke which protects the country from the irruptions of the River Rhine is faced with a layer of fascines and covered—save on the roadway—by a coat of green turf. At dangerous spots it is strengthened by basalt, and it is supported in places by piles. The sea dykes are still stronger: they stand upon immense rafts of earth and stones sunk one upon another in the water; they are girded with granite and rise above the breakers which thunder against their basalt sides.

In the construction of roads through the dyke country, the Dutch road-builder has always been confronted by problems more difficult than those of other countries. It has forced him to build extremely narrow roads, and for centuries has given the waterways an immense superiority over the landways. The waterways have, in fact, been the primary ways, with land roads serving as feeders only. Modern Dutch road-building, at least in its unfinished state, gives an odd character to the landscape. In parts of the country, striding waste lands and green fields, with neither road nor canal in sight, are huge concrete bridges and viaducts, like relics of some remote civilisation. These bridges and viaducts have been built to carry super highways over existing or projected secondary roads. The highways are coming gradually, mile by mile, to meet them.

Another odd feature of the Dutch landscape to-day is the great ridges of sand, like abandoned dykes, which rise unreasonably from the middle of some peaceful pasture and extend in an undeviating line through the polder to end as abruptly as they began. These ridges are the foundations for the autostrada. They are made to bear the weight of the super-highway and its traffic, which otherwise would sink into the peaty subsoil.

Such ridges can be seen to-day along the path of the new super-highway which before the war was being built from The Hague to Utrecht, and thence to Amsterdam in one direction and to Arnhem in the other. On part of this road between The Hague and Utrecht, 11,000,000 cubic yards of sand were required! In this case, to have used river or dune sand would have involved such enormous expense that the legendary road paved with gold would have been quite cheap beside it. What they did was to buy up big sections of sand-bearing ground in the neighbourhood of the road, and to extract the sand with specially-built dredges.



THE BATTLE TO FREE THE BELGIAN PORT OF ANTWERP. ALLIED AIRCRAFT ATTACK THE VITAL BRIDGE CONNECTING SOUTH BEVELAND WITH THE MAINLAND in support of the land forces moving along the Scheldt towards the town of Bergen-op-Zoom—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Over the critical Scheldt area on the Belgian-Dutch border, the Allied Air Forces have been busily engaged during recent days in support of the land forces operating against the vital bridge connecting South Beveland and Walcheren with the mainland. Dropping their bombs from 12,000 ft. on a target only a few yards in width, Mitchell and Boston navigators have seen direct hits wreck the railway and road link. Many of the crews taking part in these raids lived in this very district before the war. At the same time, other aircraft have been attacking motor transport vehicles and trains, as well as barges in the channels of the Dutch islands. Enemy ships evacuating troops across the Scheldt to the Dutch islands have also been severely beaten up by Spitfires during the battle to free the passage into Antwerp, and vessels caught moving into Flushing Harbour have been strafed

IN THE ARNHEM AREA: A BRITISH PATROL CROSSES THE RIVER LEK AND PROBES THE VILLAGES AND TOWNS TO THE WEST OF ARNHEM to find out the enemy's positions between Renkum and Wageningen. The roads in this region are built on top of the dykes, with the villages clinging closely to their slopes. Most of the land here is quite waterlogged—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Since the famous airborne landing force north of the Lek was withdrawn from Arnhem, the tip of the Nijmegen salient has been an area of more or less static fighting, with the Germans plunking shells into Nijmegen town—a fairly regular display of activity to which the inhabitants have grown accustomed. One local operation was of special interest—the thrust of patrols across the Lek River into the country west of Arnhem. This adventurous interlude was brought about by the desirability of knowing how strong the enemy was in this particular district. Patrols crossed the river in darkness, 150 ft. of fast-moving water, and successfully reached the northern bank. They clambered ashore and proceeded to explore the neighbouring country, the low-lying meadow country being traversed by a network of roads on raised dykes. The villages nestle close to these roadways in the manner here shown. The patrols explored as far as Renkum, five miles to the west of Arnhem, and also pushed in the direction of Wageningen. The roads and villages seemed to be clear of the enemy.

AACHEN

How the First Big City in Germany Fell to the Allies

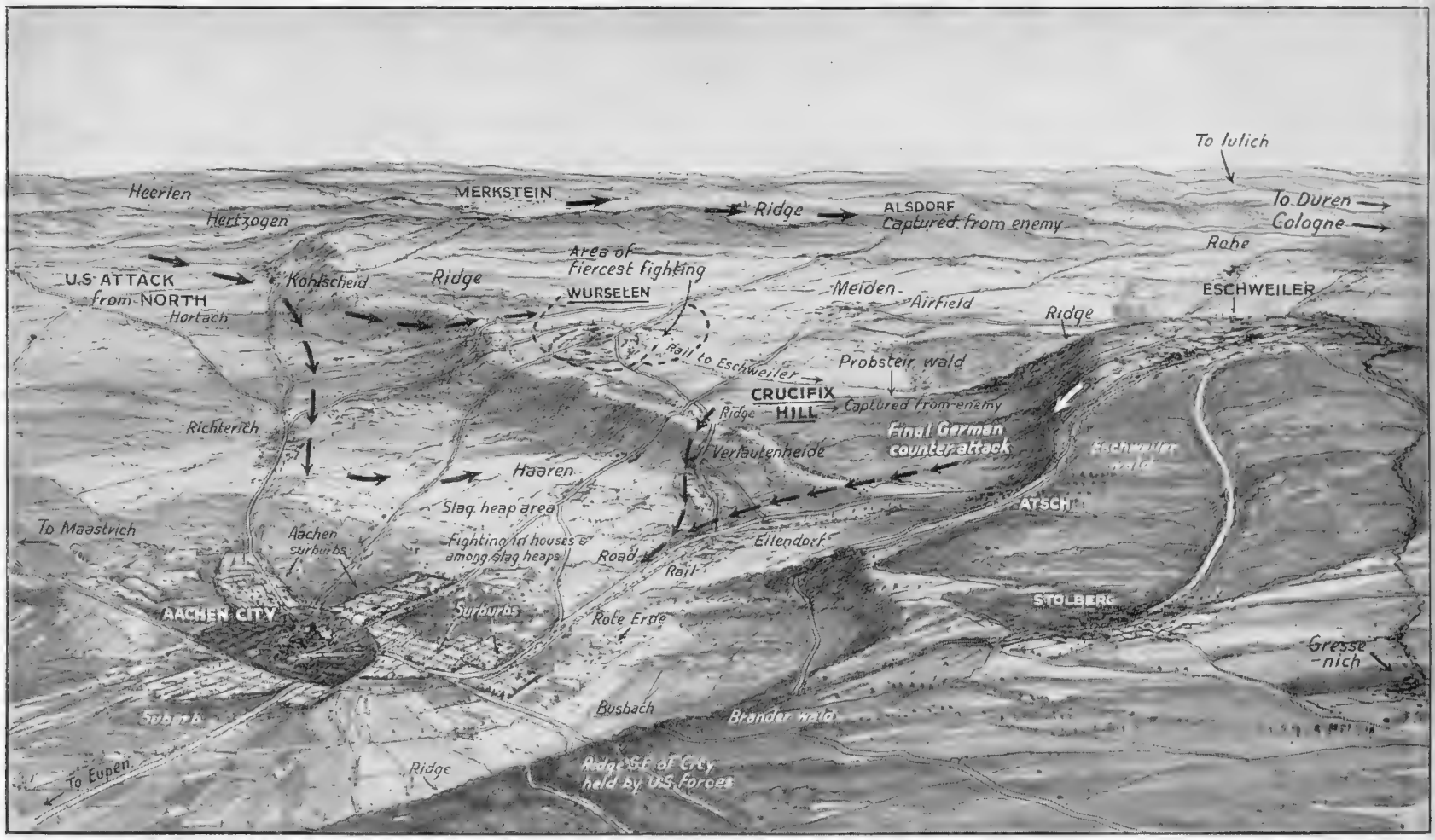
The Final Stages in the Fighting Depicted in Special *Sphere* Drawings

THE TOWN HALL OF AACHEN as it was found after the American entry, damaged during the fierce battle for the city

AACHEN CATHEDRAL STILL STANDS. This is the burial-place of Charlemagne and the spot where thirty-seven German Emperors were crowned. Part of it was built in the years 796-804

The fight for the famous city of Aachen came to an end on October 21 and 22. The American forces had developed an encircling movement which resulted in the occupation of two ridges of high ground. The northerly attack took them through Kohlscheid and Richterich, down towards the area of Wurselen, a northern mining suburb, in and around which the fiercest fighting took place. The attack from the south-east was over higher ground with wide stretches of forest country. One correspondent stated that it was difficult to convey the grimness of the terrain in which these operations were conducted. Shattered mining villages and pitheads were surrounded by towering slag-heaps which appeared to dominate the whole countryside. Only the patches of woodland and forest softened this sinister appearance.

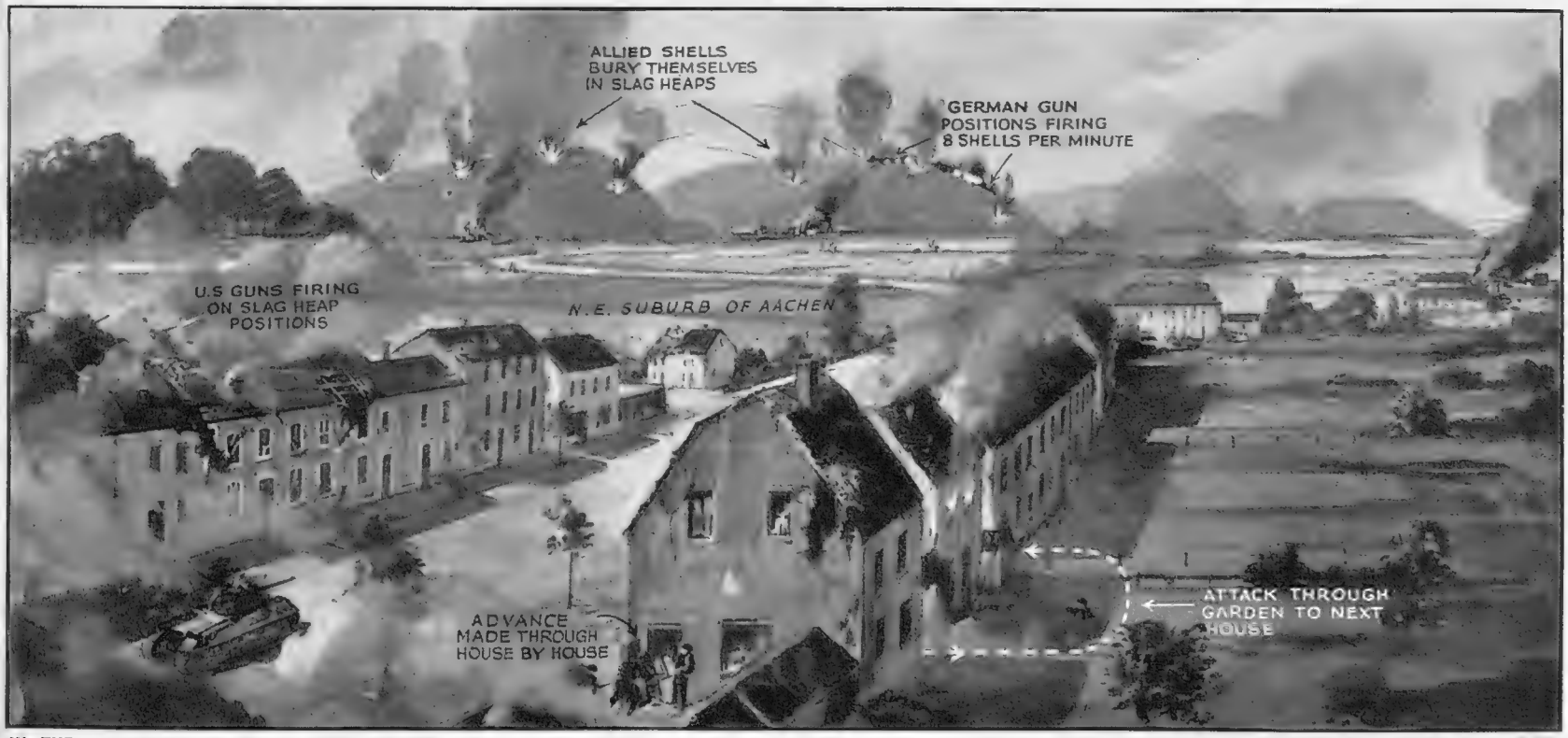
The vital gain for the Allies was the capture of Crucifix Hill, an 800-ft. eminence which gave wide observation over the roadway from Aachen to Julich. Just when the gap was closing in the area south of this hill, the enemy staged a final counter-attack. As the day broke, with rain and cloud, patrols reported that the enemy was moving in a south-easterly direction from beyond Verlautenheide and from the wooded heights of Eschweiler. He was moving with infantry, tanks and half-tracked vehicles. Heavy shells began crashing into our ridge positions and into the shattered remains of Verlautenheide village. By 7.30 a bloody fight was joined, but still the enemy tanks pressed on. Gradually the Allied 4·2-in. mortars wore down the enemy's attack, and very slowly the last of the enemy tanks pulled out of the fighting area.



THE FINAL OPERATIONS AROUND AACHEN: HOW THE AMERICAN FORCES APPROACHED THE CITY BY TWO ROUTES AND HOW THEY CLOSED THE "GAP" THROUGH WHICH THE GERMANS ATTEMPTED TO RELIEVE THEIR BESIEGED FORCES. The vital ridges surrounding Aachen are here indicated, together with Crucifix Hill, 800 ft. high, which commanded the main road from Aachen to Julich. The city was finally surrendered by the Germans on October 21-22, after the bitterest fighting through the streets and from house to house (*See notes above*)—*Drawing by Percy Home*

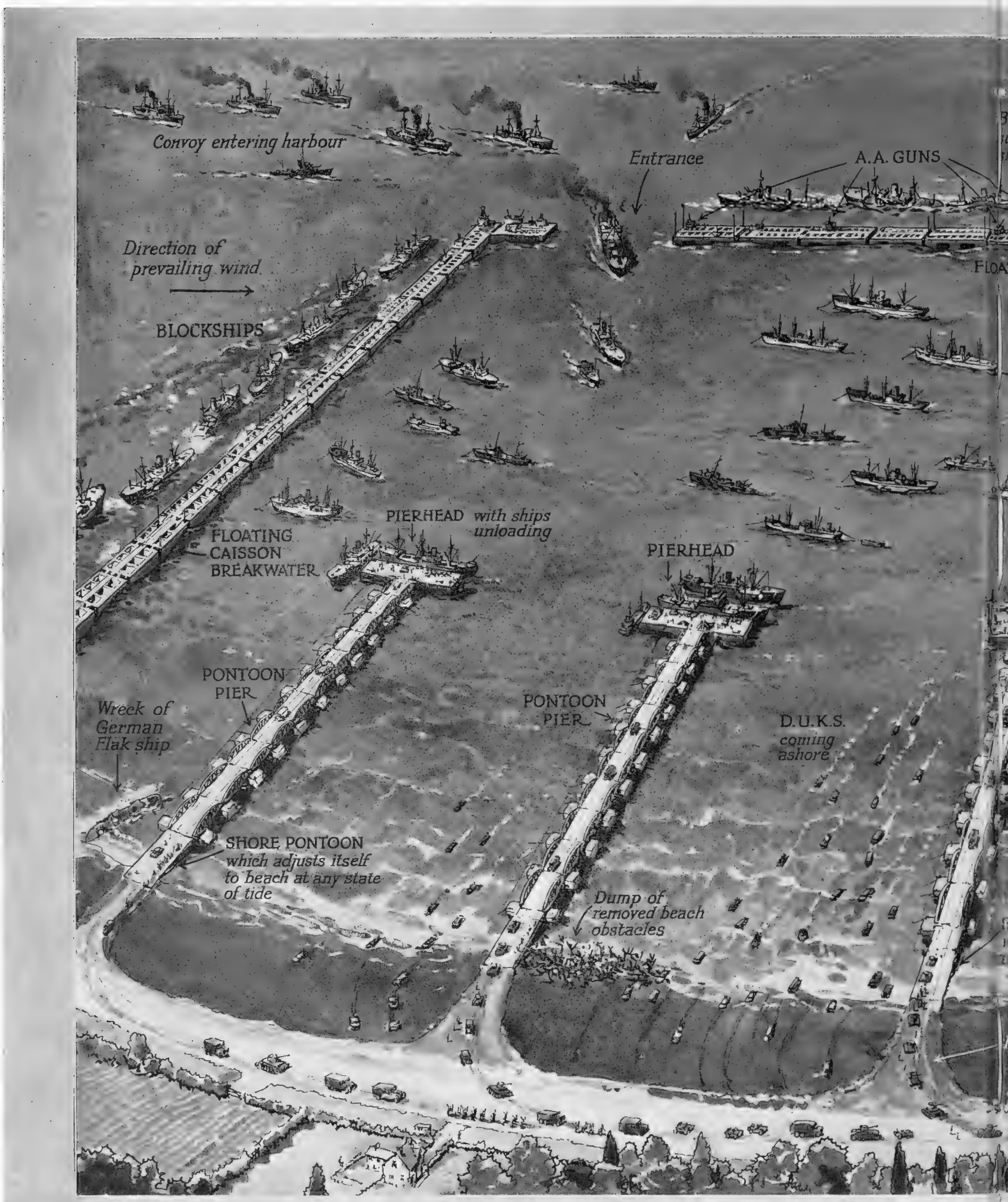
THE STREET-FIGHTING AMIDST THE HOUSES IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY: THE AMERICANS "WINKLE OUT" THE GERMAN DEFENDERS, using rifles, hand-grenades and machine-guns for the task. This was the final phase of the desperate fighting in Aachen—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Towards the end, the city was captured "house by house, street by street, block by block," as one war correspondent reported. In most of the streets, it was possible to see along their entire length, with the cathedral in the distance and smashed, roofless houses on either side. There were heaps of rubble everywhere, but not a German in sight as the Americans began their operations. The first men on either side of the road to get across darted in quickly to the nearest doorway and waited. Seconds ticked away in unbroken silence. Then, at an order from the lieutenant, another pair would dash across, the previous couple making way for them by diving into the next doorway. And so it went on, until the whole patrol was strung out along the entire length of the street. They were followed by two machine-gunners, who flattened themselves against the rubble-heaps. Finally, a Sherman tank, followed by a group of crouching infantrymen, rumbled out of its hiding-place. Then the tank opened up, to be followed by the machine-guns spraying the rooftops and upper-storey windows. A quick search was made of the rooms and cellars, and the column then moved on to the next block, to repeat the operation until most of the pockets of resistance had been cleared out



IN THE SLAG-HEAPS OF THE AACHEN SUBURBS. Through the colliery district around Haaren the American shells buried themselves harmlessly in the heaps of slag and rubbish which covered the fighting terrain and did only little damage, whereas the German guns were able to sweep over the advancing troops at the rate of six or eight shells a minute—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

At this point the Germans poured in artillery and mortar fire of exceptional volume, at the rate of six or eight shells a minute. It was a case of into one house for hand-to-hand fighting and out into the garden for more, against an enemy fanatically possessed, fighting in his own country and all out to drive the invader from the sacred soil. From the slag-heaps his guns swept the American advance and on these heaps the American artillery had no wide-reaching effect. The shells plunged right into the pile and burst internally, causing little damage



THE COMPLETED HARBOUR, CROWDED WITH SHIPPING OF ALL KINDS—AN ARTIST'S IMPRES
laid down near the Calvados Reef, on the coast of Normandy at Arromanches. This drawing s
for the breakwaters, and the piers and pierheads and wharves. For the sake of clarity, the
in relation to the scale of

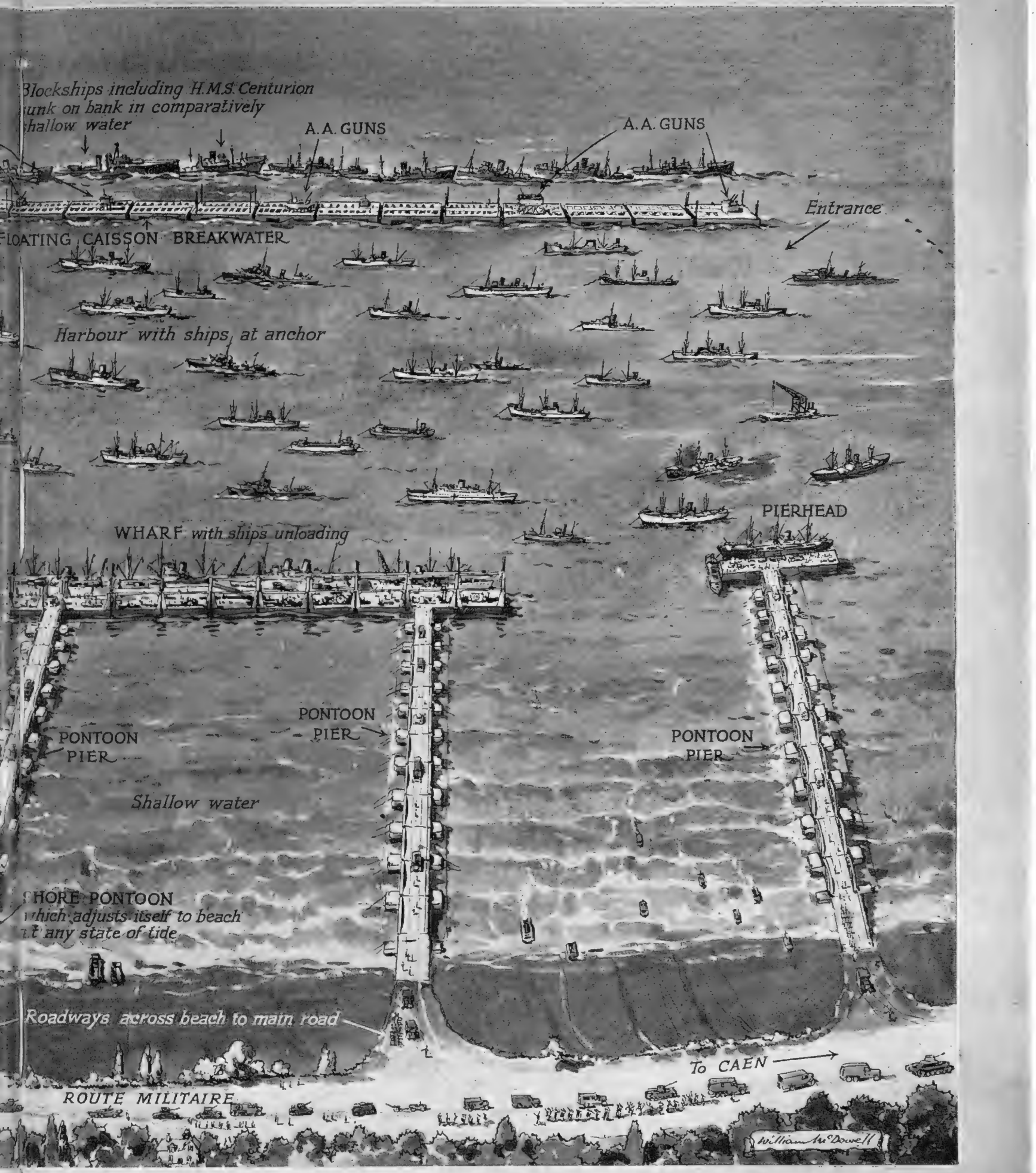
THE PRE-FABRICATED PORT

A Complete Impression of the Harbour at Arromanches, on the Normandy Coast

–Specially Prepared for this Issue by **The Sphere's** *Naval Artist,* **William McDowell**

In June 1943 the Chief of Combined Operations held a meeting in London of Commanders, both British and U.S., with the representatives of the British Service Ministries, to hear reports of the equipment that was being provided for the Invasion of France, and to consider what additional equipment could be produced in the time available. Amongst other things, the meeting decided that artificial harbours were essential to provide sheltered water for unloading over the beaches to meet the administrative demand. In order to accommodate the necessary shipping and port equipment, the size of each harbour had to be roughly the same as Dover, which entailed the construction of 150 caissons. For technical reasons, these could not be placed in water deeper than 5½ fathoms, which meant that only a limited number of ships, such as the Liberty type, could use the harbour. It was therefore decided to make an outer floating breakwater in addition.

In order to provide an immediate shelter for the host of small craft, it was decided to make five short breakwaters, formed of blockships, along the invasion coast. These could be provided quickly and would give

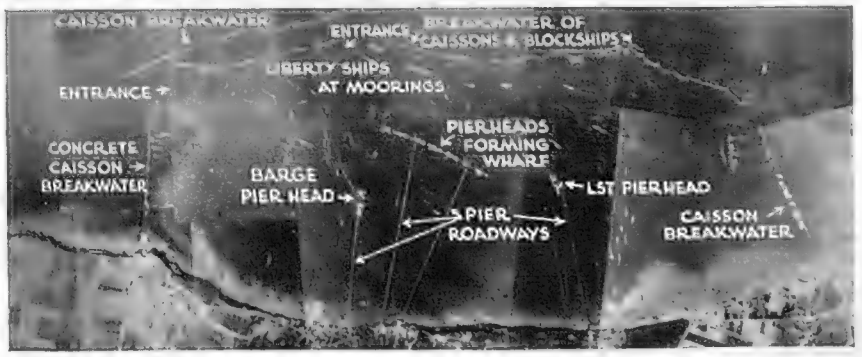


PRESSION OF THE GREAT PORT, AS BIG AS GIBRALTAR, pre-fabricated in Britain and ng shows the floating caisson breakwaters, the line of blockships sunk as protection the proportions of the caissons, piers, ships, etc., have been exaggerated by the Artist of distance

immediate shelter. Two of them would be incorporated in the artificial ports. Sixty ships of varying sizes and types were earmarked by the Ministry of War Transport for this purpose, including some warships, such as H.M.S. *Centurion* and the French battleship *Courbet* and the Netherlands cruiser *Sumatra*, giving a total length of about 24,000 ft. of breakwater.

In order to form a port, internal equipment such as piers was highly desirable. Fortunately, the design and production of such equipment was well in hand. It is no easy matter to produce a pier hundreds of feet

(*Continued on following page*)



On right—**The completed harbour as seen from the air above Arromanches.** This photograph may be taken as a key to the large drawing above and to the pictures which are reproduced on the two following pages

A COMPLETE PANORAMA OF THE HARBOUR AS IT NOW EXISTS OFF THE FRENCH COAST AT ARROMANCHES: unload their supplies. The area in the foreground is mostly

THE PRE-FABRICATED PORT

(Continued from preceding pages)

How It was Towed Across the Channel and Erected Off the Beaches of Normandy

—Shown in a Series of Official Photographs

long on a flat beach, with a rise and fall of tide of over 20 ft., and which may sometimes be floating and at other times be resting on sand, or, worse still, rock. This problem had been under examination since early in the war without any definite result; but by early 1943 a prototype pier had been constructed!

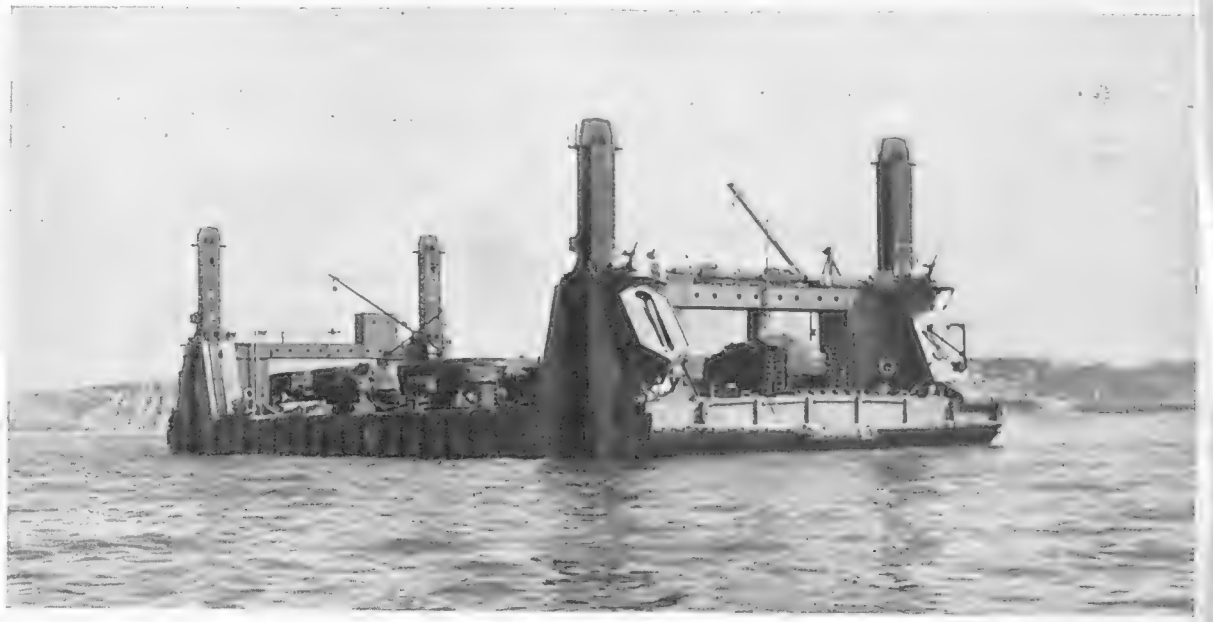
The first arrivals on the far shore were blockships, all of which, in spite of their age, made the crossing close behind the assault forces and arrived safely. The whole of this part of the operation was completed successfully during the five days following D-Day, and provided some very valuable shelter on the beaches during this critical period. Meanwhile, the concrete caissons, floating breakwaters and piers were being towed across at an average speed of four knots, the total distance being over 100 miles. All the pieces towed very well, in spite of their awkward shapes, except for the lengths of pier, which had to be treated very tenderly in the choppy weather experienced.

Up to D-plus-12, the operation was going according to plan, very few accidents of the sea had occurred, and the air superiority was such that enemy interference had caused little trouble. But on D-plus-13 a gale blew up from the north-east which continued for three days, the worst June gale experienced for forty years. Moreover, it came from the worst possible direction, as the harbours were exposed to its full force. Unfortunately, it caught the harbours at the half-way stage. The gale took a heavy toll of shipping and craft, but even on the worst day 800 tons of petrol and ammunition, as well as many troops, were landed over the piers.

After the gale subsided the work of construction continued as before. Day after day, in all weather, scores of ships of all sizes have moored within its shelter or berthed in unbroken lines alongside its quays. Never has so much shipping used such limited accommodation at one time. Many thousands of British workmen were directly concerned with its making. Scores of thousands more were indirectly employed.

A COMPLETE CAISSON being towed across the Channel. Each caisson contained crew's quarters for use during the journey: at a late stage, Bofors guns were placed on top, as seen in this picture

A 480-FT. ASSEMBLED PIER on its cross-Channel tow. These piers were joined up in sections: each of the bridge-spans was supported on special floats, some of which were of steel and others of concrete



A "SPUD PIERHEAD" OFF ARROMANCHES after its successful crossing of the Channel. These are steel pontoons with a displacement of approximately 1,000 tons. Each pierhead is a "ship," complete with crew's quarters. Coasters berth alongside them and unload direct into lorries

PART OF THE LINE OF BLOCKSHIPS SUNK AT HIGH TIDE to form a shallow breakwater. Sixty ships of varying sizes and types were used for this purpose, including some warships. A total length of about 24,000 ft. of breakwater was thus provided at Arromanches

THE INSHORE END OF A PIER being placed into position on the beach. At the shore end, these piers were joined to a very stout steel shallow-draught float which could be pulled right inshore at high water

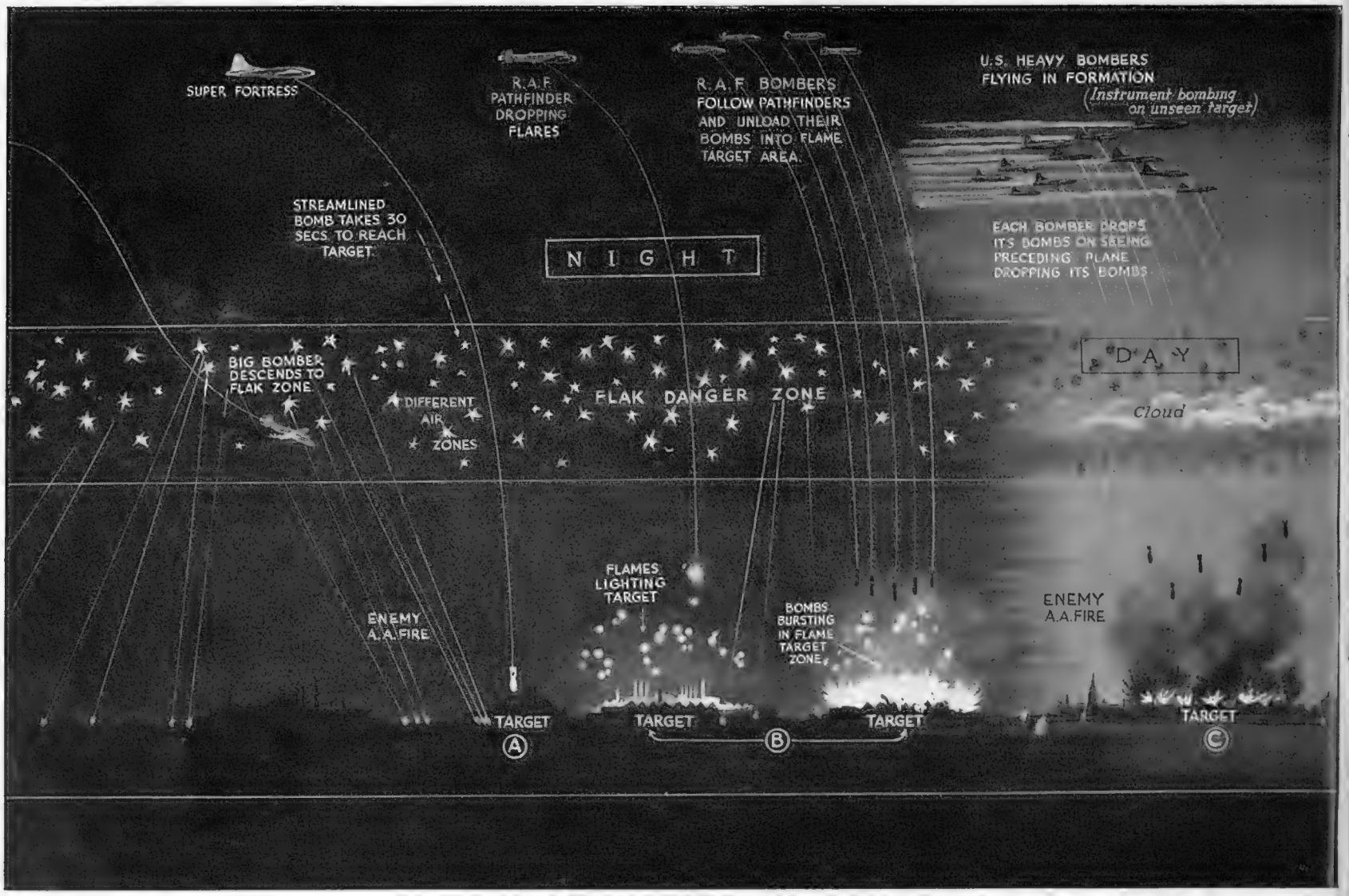
Projecting into the sea from the headland on the west to near the Calvados reef on the east, the harbour contains a number of piers at which the ships shallow water : farther out is the great mass of shipping used to reinforce our armies on the Continent

A GENERAL VIEW OF A BEACH IN FRANCE THREE WEEKS AFTER D-DAY, showing the constant flow of supplies being unloaded from the many Allied cargo-ships lying offshore. At this time, no big French harbour was available for the use of our vast shipping armada

AT AN L.S.T. SPUD PIERHEAD ASSEMBLY, showing hospital ships clearing casualties at the same time as Army vehicles are being discharged on the other side of the pierhead from a Tank Landing Craft

CARGO BEING DISCHARGED AT A SPUD PIERHEAD. As it is unloaded from the merchantman on the left, it goes straight on to the Army lorries for immediate conveyance ashore

A VIEW OF THE BEACH AT NORMANDY, LOOKING OUT TOWARDS ONE OF THE CAUSEWAYS BUILT OUT INTO THE BUSY PRE-FABRICATED HARBOUR. In the foreground runs the beach road leading to the Route Militaire (indicated in the large drawing on the preceding page) which runs to Caen and the battle areas. Out in the harbour is a mass of ships of all types and sizes, busily unloading or awaiting their turn to put in to one of the many pierheads



I. THE LIMITATIONS OF PRECISION BOMBING BY THE BIG FOUR-ENGINED HEAVIES: To secure accuracy, the aircraft would have to descend through the flak danger-zone; as this is not practicable, flares are used by the R.A.F. to light the target by night. The Americans, however, fly in formation and drop their bombs en masse by day, thus covering the whole target area

CAN BOMBING BE PRECISE?

An Important Problem for the Allied Air Forces

Raised as the Result of Recent Experiences on the Continent

—With Three Special Drawings by Roland Davies

If one is asked whether bombing can ever be "precise," in the sense that gunnery is precise, the answer is undoubtedly yes, with the proviso that it is rarely worth trying, because it can be terribly expensive in the face of determined opposition. Theoretically, one big bomb in the right place will put paid to a ship, a bridge or a dock just as effectively as half-a-dozen bombs in a pattern. But while the precision bomber is making sure of his aim, he is also an equally precise target for the defence. As service bombs are cheaper than planes, it pays us best as a rule to pattern bomb rather than precision bomb.

Of course, there are certain jobs when it has to be precision bombing or the effect is futile, and then the risk must be accepted. This applies only to really vital targets of the importance of the *Tirpitz* or the Mohne and Eder dams. The Barracudas that attacked the *Tirpitz* had as their main weapon 1,000-lb. armour-piercing bombs, one per plane. With this type of bomb, a miss is as bad as a mile, and the pilot has to accept a degree of risk much higher than in ordinary bombing to ensure a fair chance of a hit. Torpedo-carrying planes—which is really another form of bombing—are in exactly the same case; they carry only one torpedo, and to succeed they must attack while flying sedately along a regular course. They then, of course, become comparatively easy targets for defending gunners, and the percentage of losses in such cases is naturally higher.

On the other hand, there are certain types of bombs which are aerodynamically incapable of being aimed precisely. These types include the parachute-explosive bomb. Here it is a question simply of landing it in the target area rather than of hitting a pin-point. The same applies to the fragmentation, eight-case bombs used to attack vehicles and parked aircraft. The idea here is to produce an area of high blast effect, accompanied by a widespread shrapnel shower. As long as the bombs fall within the area of the target in fair number, the desired effect is bound to be produced.

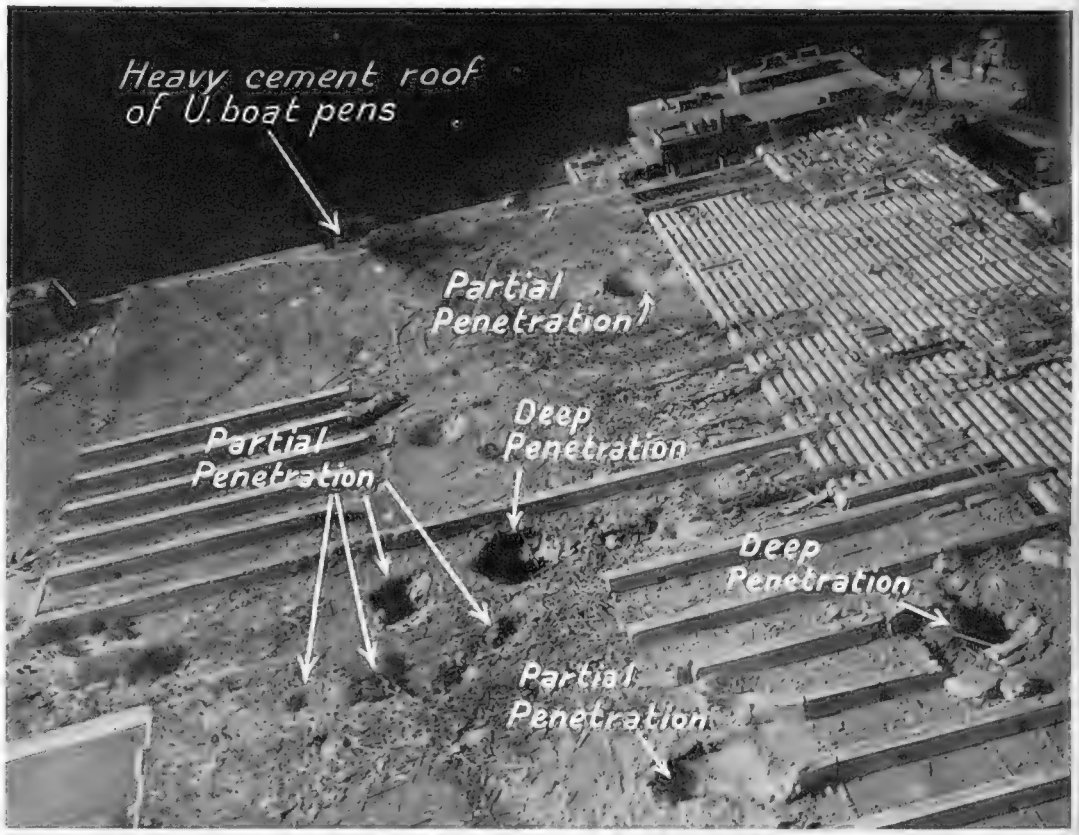
The possibilities of high-level precision bombing in European weather were undoubtedly much exaggerated until about a year or so ago. The intrinsic difficulty can be appreciated from the fact that even a well-streamlined bomb released from 25,000 ft. (a height well within the range of the Superfortress) has a time of flight of about 30 seconds, during which time it is exposed to influences which the bomb-aimer can hardly calculate or control.

There are two methods of tackling the problem of delivering, say, 1,000 tons of bombs over a target area such as Cologne or Hamm. In the R.A.F., the pathfinders, who are "ace" navigators and bomb-aimers, arrive over the target a few seconds before the bulk of the big bombers, and mark the target by both air and ground-marker flares. The other bombers then proceed to aim as precisely as possible at the target designated by the flares, which, of course, may be deliberately spaced over the target areas so as to avoid any chance of blank patches.

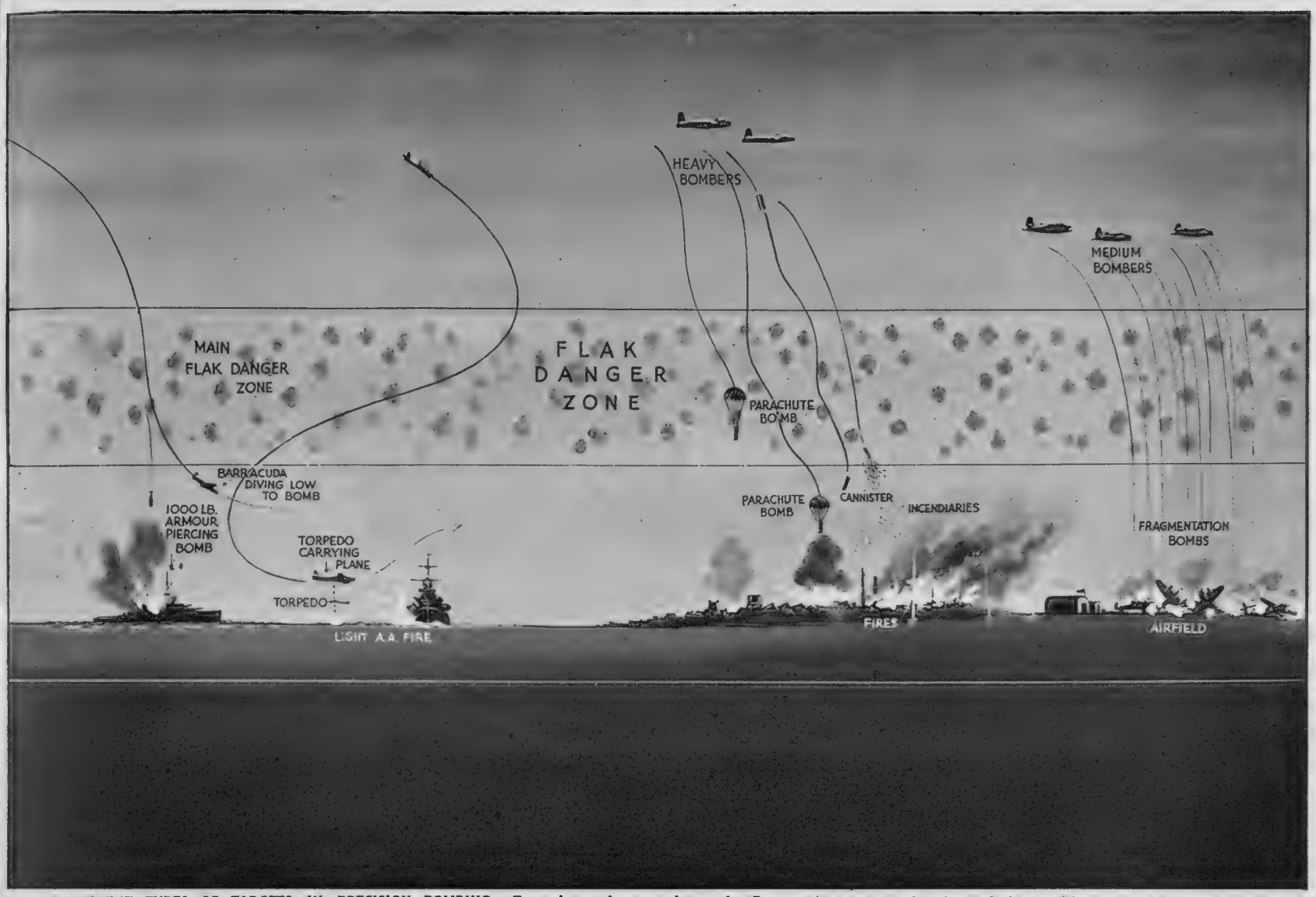
The Americans, who also now do instrument bombing through cloud, though by day instead of night, achieve their pattern bombing by strict formation flying, which in turn involves heavy fighter escorts.

The rank and file of the bomber flight must fly in strict formation and each succeeding bombardier releases his bombs when he *sees* the bombs of the plane next ahead actually falling in front of him. By this means an area of saturation is produced about the target, and provided that the leading pilot and bombardier have done their job well, and provided also that the other machines keep strict place and time, the result will be shatteringly effective.

The fighter bomber is in quite a category by itself; carrying one, two or even four bombs, it can achieve high precision by bombing with delayed-action bombs from very low altitudes—often rooftop level. This form of precision bombing really is extremely accurate. Even so, low-level bombing is quite useless against capital ships, or concrete U-boat pens. Here the bomb must be dropped from height in order to gain speed enough to penetrate. On such targets the best recipe is a blend of precision and pattern bombing.

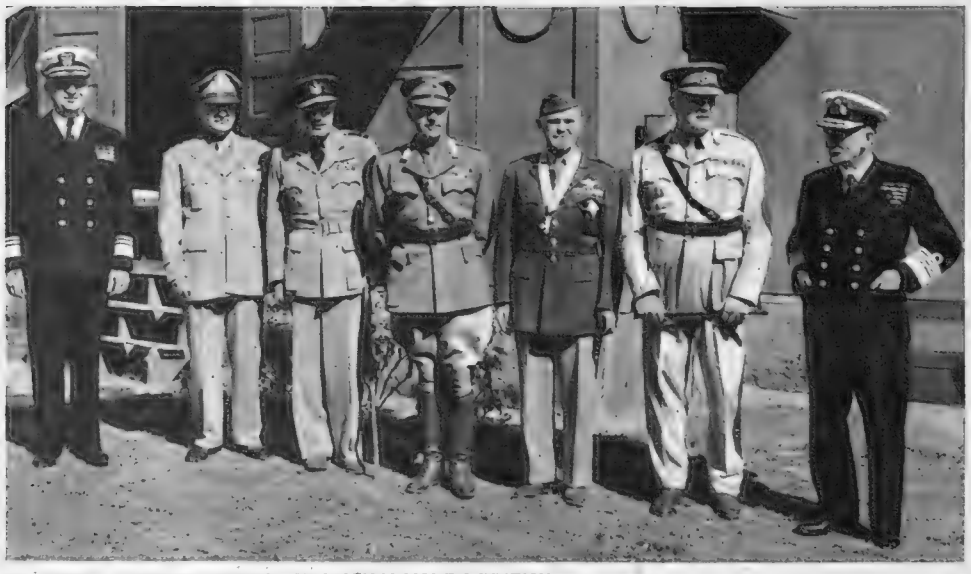


THE DAMAGE WHICH HEAVY BOMBS CAN EFFECT ON THE STRONGEST INSTALLATIONS. This picture shows the roof of the U-boat pens at Brest, and the craters made in it by the heaviest bombs ever dropped by the Allied Air Forces. Although they look quite small, the craters are 40 ft. in diameter



2. **DIFFERENT TYPES OF TARGETS IN PRECISION BOMBING.** Torpedo-carriers, such as the Barracuda, can bomb with relative precision on such a target as the "Tirpitz," if they drop low enough. With the multi-incendiary bomb, no precision is possible, a scattered effect alone being obtainable. Better precision is obtainable with fragmentation bombs against vehicles and parked aircraft

3. **THE SMALLER BOMBERS ALONE CAN HIT PRECISE TARGETS.** Real precision is usually obtained by the two-engined fighter-bombers dropping very low: still more accuracy is possible by a dive-bombing Spitfire aiming at trenches or other military objectives in the field. Height is necessary to obtain speed for the falling bomb, if a great thickness of concrete has to be pierced. (See *accompanying article*)



AN AMERICAN MAJOR-GENERAL IN ITALY IS MADE A BRITISH K.C.B.E. Mediterranean Navy, Army and Air Force chiefs after the ceremony: from left to right—Vice-Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, Lieut.-General Ira C. Eaker, Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, General Alexander, Major-General John K. Cannon, General Sir H. Maitland Wilson and Admiral Sir John Cunningham. Major-General John K. Cannon, Commanding General, Mediterranean Allied Tactical Air Force since January this year, has been made a Knight Commander of the British Empire. He was invested with the Order by General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean, at Allied Force Headquarters. Amongst the high officers present at the ceremony were General Sir Harold Alexander, Commander, Allied Forces in Italy; Admiral Sir John Cunningham, Naval Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean; Vice-Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, Commanding American Naval Forces in the Mediterranean; and Air Vice-Marshal G. B. A. Baker, Chief of Staff of the R.A.F. in the Mediterranean

THE HIGH COMMAND IN ITALY

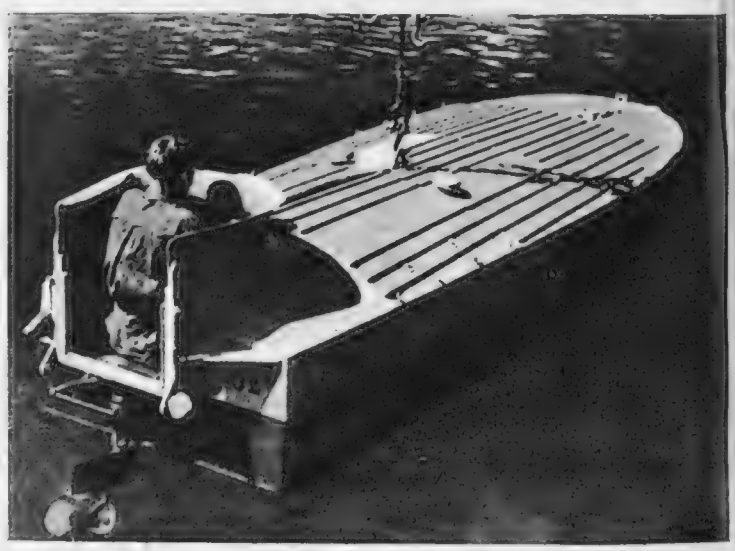
The Leigh Light on Coastal Command Aircraft—and Other Pictures from the World's Battlefronts

THE PRESENTATION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION OF MERIT TO AIR VICE-MARSHAL D'ALBIAC: Deputy Commander of the Mediterranean Allied Tactical Air Force during the great Italian offensive which culminated in the fall of Rome, Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D'Albiac, C.B., D.S.O., has just been decorated with the Legion of Merit (Degree of Commander) by Lieut.-General Ira C. Eaker, Commanding General, Mediterranean Allied Air Forces. The citation, signed by President Roosevelt, said that the decoration was "for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Armed Forces of the United States Government"

ITALIAN PARTISANS FIGHT WITH THE ALLIES. The man in black robes on the left is Don Luigi Piazza, Priest of the Parish of San Valentino; on his left is the partisan leader. The two pictures, above and on the right, show some of the members of a band of Italian partisans, about forty strong, taken shortly after they had arrived behind the British lines for re-equipment and a short rest. Their armament consisted of Sten guns, grenades and other small arms dropped by Allied planes, and a selection of weapons taken from dead Germans. These men have been fighting in the mountains for some five months. The band includes a priest, whose house was burned down by the Germans; a doctor, an aeronautical engineer and a boy of thirteen years. Each man wears a small flag on his left breast, embroidered with the words "Esercito di Liberazione Nazionale"—Army of National Liberation. They have taken an oath to fight to the death

FIVE ITALIAN MEMBERS OF THE PARTISAN BAND: Before they were re-equipped, some of these men were almost in rags. Many of them have suffered sadly at the hands of the Germans

LIFE IN TURNHOUT, IN BELGIUM, RETURNS TO NORMAL: Since her liberation, many towns and villages have now returned to normal in Belgium. Transport services, and police and civil services, are being resumed, and shops have reopened for business. This picture shows one of the re-established traffic controls. In white helmet and under a canopy, the traffic controller keeps order. The name on the rectangle on the top left of his box is the name of the village—Merksplas. The slogan beside it reads—"We want the Germans jailed"



ANOTHER NAZI SECRET WEAPON—the explosive speed-boat: This is the weapon which the Germans used against Allied shipping in the Channel. Controlled by one man, it is steered to within 50 yards of the target. Then the pilot throws himself overboard and the speed-boat, laden with explosives, goes on. The floor of the craft, released by a spring as the pilot drops off, is left behind as a raft. On it, the pilot floats until picked up by a patrol vessel

FIRST PICTURES OF THE LEIGH LIGHT, by means of which Coastal Command aircraft were enabled to hunt German U-boats by night as well as by day. This picture shows the powerful searchlight beam as fitted to a Liberator during tests

One of the factors which contributed to the defeat of the U-boat in the Bay of Biscay was the Leigh Light. This is a powerful searchlight fitted some months ago to Coastal Command aircraft so that the work of hunting the German submarines could go on by night as well as by day. It throws a beam for a considerable distance, and this permits of an attack being pressed home. Two of the first pictures to be released of the invention are given here

AN AMERICAN FIGHTER-PLANE TAKES TO THE SEA : Two amphibious Ducks lashed together provide the means of transportation for a P-38 Lightning. This method of towing the aircraft from ship to shore has made it possible for fully-assembled aircraft to be shipped overseas and delivered to airfields ready for immediate action

HOW THE LEIGH LIGHT IS FITTED TO A LIBERATOR AIRCRAFT OF COASTAL COMMAND : Its beam is of great power and can be thrown for a considerable distance

HOW THE NAZIS ATTEMPTED TO CAMOUFLAGE THE WHOLE OF THE NICE FRONT. When Allied troops occupied this famous Riviera resort and beauty spot, they found the entire coastline to be a fake. Where there were no concrete and steel fortifications and defences, the Nazis had painted whole blocks of hotels and houses to resemble false hillsides. Here is the view along the Quai des Etats-Unis, showing the "fortification" camouflage

MALTA'S NEW GOVERNOR TOURS THE GALLANT LITTLE ISLAND : Lt.-Gen. Sir E. Schreiber has just made a tour of his new command, and inspected the bomb damage, as well as Army units. Here he is seen in Senglea walking from the City Gate. With him are Mr. L. Agius, officer in charge of demolition and clearance, and Father Brincat, parish priest

The MINISTRY of ECONOMIC WARFARE CLOSES DOWN

The First Wartime Ministry to Close now that the Final Steps Against Supplies Reaching Germany have been Taken

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is possible that by the time this appears in print, the Ministry of Economic Warfare will have been dispersed except for its Intelligence side. Lord Selborne, the present Minister, announced recently that he expected it would be the first war-time Ministry to close, and it looks as though the time has now arrived. The last ball-bearings have rolled out of Sweden; Turkey has put an embargo on its exports to the Axis; the blockade-running has dried up completely; the Iberian Peninsula has been cut off from Germany by the liberation of France, which has also reopened the Swiss frontier. The final act of the campaign against supplies reaching Germany is now being played, and the curtain is likely to fall at any minute.

The majority of the public will not easily forget the broadcast by Mr. Dalton—the original Minister of Economic Warfare—in the early part of the war, when he announced that Germany had no oil and that "red weals of shortage" were already scarring the body of the Reich. Ever since that ridiculous statement the public has always believed the Ministry of Economic Warfare to be too optimistic. The truth was that even in 1940 Germany did not have enough oil for a long war, but the bandit does not care whether he is overdrawn at the bank if he has got a gun. Mr. Dalton completely overlooked the obvious power of the German armed forces to take what they wanted at the point of the pistol. Hitler, in fact, picked up 6,000,000 tons of oil products in France, as well as all the Rumanian, Polish and Esthonian oil supplies.

But to begin at the beginning: the Ministry of Economic Warfare arose out of the small peacetime department known as The Industrial Intelligence Committee, which had been watching German rearmament since 1938. M.E.W. itself went into action on September 3, 1939, and at the end of that year Neville Chamberlain was able to announce that 570,000 tons of goods destined for the enemy had been roped in by the British Navy. In 1940 we not only lost the French Navy, but found the Italian Navy arrayed against us. The Americans had not, of course, entered the war, but the prestige of the British Navy enabled navicerts to be made compulsory, and any amount of contraband goods which would have benefited Germany did not sail, although it was highly dubious whether they could actually have been stopped. At that time (1940-41) Russia was the big leak. Germany was receiving oil, manganese, margarine and vegetable oils via the Trans-Siberian Railway. Mica, industrial diamonds and hormones were coming from Brazil via Lati—the Italian airline. The latter was shut down. Another big leak in the blockade was via Marseilles, for the United States at that time wanted to keep friendly with Vichy, and if Great Britain had been tough and had stopped the French from getting goods from North Africa, it might have compelled Admiral Leahy to leave France. The goods going to Marseilles from North Africa included 1,500,000 tons per annum of phosphates, together with ground-nut oil, wheat (which the Germans promptly commandeered), cobalt, for hardening metals, as well as rubber, tin and vegetable oils which came from the East to Casablanca, and were then transhipped to Marseilles. Germany has always been deficient in hardening alloys, such as cobalt, molybdenum, tungsten, manganese and chrome, not to mention natural oils, rubber, copper, zinc—and, of course, tea and coffee. When Japan entered the war, Germany was able to replenish many of her stocks by blockade runners, sending ball-bearings in return.

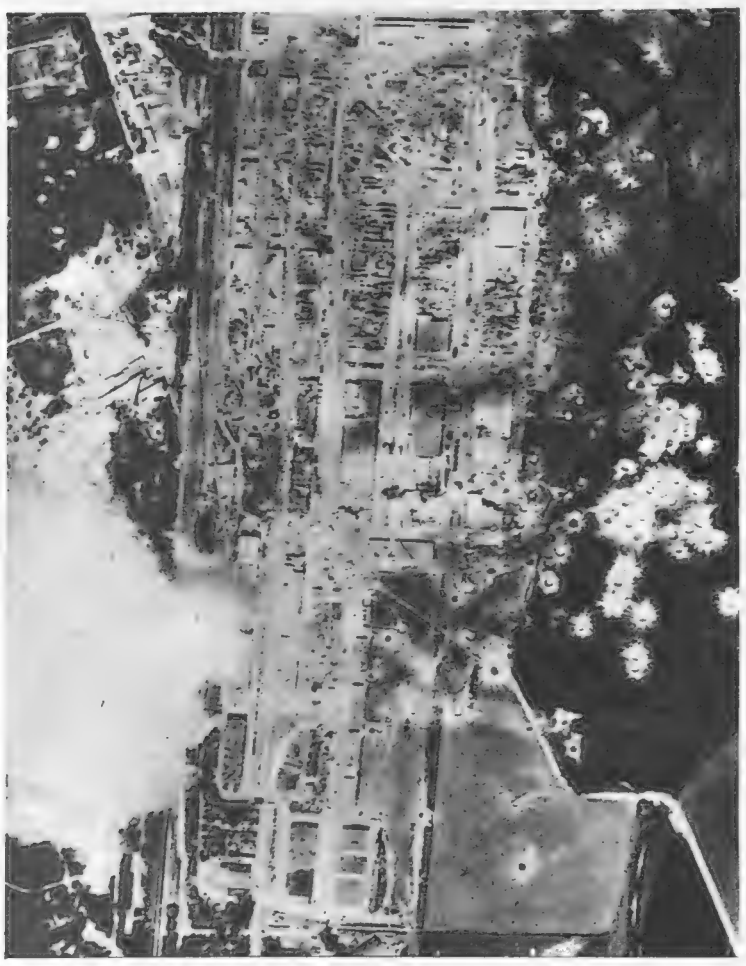
From the start of the war, it was the Ministry of Economic Warfare's job to confuse the enemy's war effort to the point where he could not resist. This was done by overbidding for urgent goods in adjacent neutral countries (the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation spent over £150,000,000 in tungsten alone); by black-listing foreign merchants (some of them in Switzerland), and by cutting the latter off from the United States and Great Britain by stating that not only were they trading with the enemy, but that anyone trading with these specific firms was trading with the enemy. Other duties of M.E.W. were to administer the blockade by tipping-off the Navy about big cargoes en route, and by stopping coastwise traffic and smuggling from South America and Spain in navicert cargoes. Thus "beef extract" found in a Spanish ship at Gibraltar contained a nerve tonic made of glandular extract for *Luftwaffe* pilots and platinum discs, each worth £12,000, destined for the manufacture of sparking plugs. Another important duty was the arrangement of trade agreements with neutral countries in return for allowing certain cargoes to go through. These trade agreements may seem to have been slow in fructifying. The fact remains that Sweden, in the early part of the war, was providing Germany with 11,000,000 tons a year of ball-bearings, cellulose pulp and high-grade iron ore. To-day, those exports to Germany have ceased. Wolfram was going in vast quantities to Germany before M.E.W. managed to straighten things out. The effect of this intervention was that the Germans have been unable since 1943 to manufacture shells of sufficiently hard steel to be able to penetrate armour at an angle. German machine-cutting tools have also deteriorated since then; so, by and large, has German ammunition. The Ministry of Economic Warfare claims that the wholesale retreat of the German armies on all fronts caused by its shortage of transport and oil, dispersal of factories, scarcity of raw materials and lack of skilled workers, is largely due to its own efforts, or at least to action taken by the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force based on its advice. There is no doubt that the German armies are now more static than mobile, and that thousands of troops had to walk on their flat feet, or ride bicycles, from Bordeaux to Caen. It is also established that the *Luftwaffe* is very short of petrol. These results have been achieved largely through the collation of reports from seventeen different branches of Military Intelligence, Air Intelligence and Naval Intelligence.

It naturally cannot be suggested that the Ministry of Economic Warfare could ever have won the war, but it has certainly abbreviated it. Lord Selborne has Cecil blood in his veins—the stubbornest in the world. Time and again he has gone to the Admiralty or the Air Ministry and insisted that certain forces should be diverted to deal with some economic target. The use of coastal aircraft from Great Britain to patrol the Bay of Biscay was originally inspired by him, or so I am told. Equally, it was Lord Selborne who insisted that Schweinfurt should be bombed. This cost 176 Fortresses, but it was worth it, and was followed immediately by a reduction in the number of ball-bearings sent from Sweden to Germany. The raid on Peenemunde also had its inspiration in the M.E.W.

One can thank the Ministry for Switzerland's export of arms "to both belligerents" having eased. Even in 1941 Hitler was appealing for thick clothes for his troops in Russia, because M.E.W. had managed to prevent textiles reaching Germany. But until the Russians captured Nikopol it was not worth while antagonising Turkey because of its export of chrome. When, however, Hitler lost those manganese mines, it was worth while for M.E.W. to bring pressure to bear, with admirable results.

The Ministry is frequently being cajoled or attacked by Bishops for its attitude in not allowing neutrals, and even liberated countries, to receive certain goods, even though urgently required. Actually, one of the best weeks in the history of the Ministry of Economic Warfare was the one in which 15,000 tons of rubber destined for Germany were sunk in the Bay of Biscay, the Michelin factory at Clermont Ferrand was destroyed, and the Hulse synthetic plant was blitzed by the Eighth Air Force.

What the Ministry will ultimately be found to have cost the British taxpayer cannot be assessed. But, with the war costing £14,000,000 a day, it must have been cheap at the price. And it is safe to say that when the war is over, the Germans will blame the Ministry more than anyone else for having been responsible for their downfall. If, at its demise, an epitaph is required, one might suggest this may be found in the second verse of the National Anthem.



AN EXAMPLE OF "ECONOMIC WARFARE": This picture was taken at Konigsborn, a town about five miles to the east of Magdeburg, where Germany had established its largest tank depot. It was attacked by U.S. Eighth Air Force heavy bombers on June 20, with the results shown above. The enemy's tank-production figures must have slumped badly after this attack!

A GERMAN OIL REFINERY IN FRANCE after two attacks by R.A.F. Bomber Command in July: Great destruction was caused to the oil refinery at Donges, near St. Nazaire, by aircraft of R.A.F. Bomber Command in two raids. The first was carried out on the night of July 23-24, and the second on the following night. This blow was struck at the enemy's oil reserves in German-held France at a very critical moment for the Nazis. The picture above was taken by a reconnaissance aircraft after the second attack: it shows how the great storage tanks were blown wide open by the bombs, while others were punctured. Just off the quay (on the extreme right of the picture) a tanker of about 440 ft. lies capsized. During the same raids severe damage was also done to the railway line from St. Nazaire to Savenay, which runs alongside the refinery

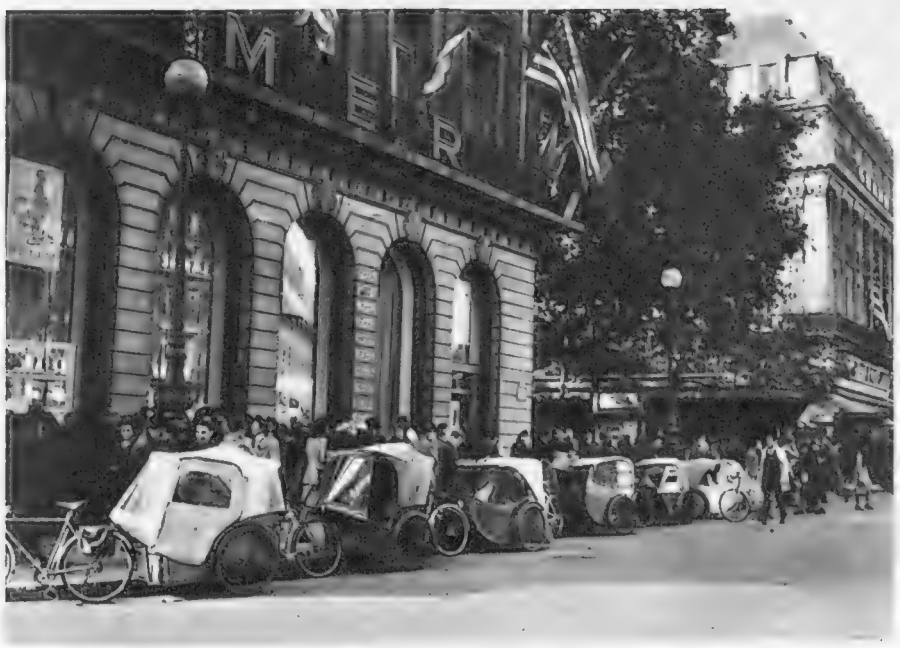
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

IN PARIS TO-DAY

The Latest Pictures from the French Capital

A FAMOUS SPORTS CENTRE WHICH IS NOW A GAOL FOR COLLABORATORS: The scene in the Velodrome, where some 3,000 men and women are now incarcerated, awaiting trial for treason and collaboration. Many of the women among the suspects have already had their heads shaven. The French Red Cross takes care of the sick and injured. Before the war the Velodrome was the scene of many sporting spectacles

THE FIRST TRIAL FOR TREASON IN PARIS: The scene in court when Georges Suarez, director of a French newspaper, was convicted and sentenced to death. He had assisted the Germans with pro-Nazi propaganda



PARIS, THE CITY OF CYCLE-TAXIS: One of the ranks where the vehicles park whilst awaiting custom. The old-time motor-taxis of the capital no longer operate owing to the acute petrol shortage

PARISIANS LEARN ABOUT THE CANADIAN WAR EFFORT: The French people are showing great interest in what the Allies did before the liberation of Paris; and they seize every opportunity of getting news from Allied sources. Outside the Canadian Press Office, where pictures of battle scenes are exhibited, there is always a great crowd of spectators

GEORGES SUAREZ (IN CENTRE) CONSULTING HIS LAWYERS during the course of the trial in the Palais de Justice: The French journalist and political director of the pro-Nazi newspaper, *Aujourd'hui*, Georges Suarez, was the first man to be put on trial in Paris for treason. In a crowded courtroom in the Palais de Justice he was sentenced to death. He is the first of many French men and women to be charged with having betrayed his country. During the trial he admitted, amongst other things, that he had advocated the shooting of British hostages

THE CYCLE-TAXI IS QUITE A NOVELTY TO THE ALLIED TROOPS IN PARIS: An American corporal from Los Angeles assists a French girl to enter. Four years of occupation by the Nazis have left Paris without any petrol whatever. No taxicabs are available for civilians, and the Metro is always crowded to its limit. The Parisians have found a solution for their traffic problem in the cycle-taxi: in fact, Paris is now the city of cycles. All types are to be seen—single bicycles, family bicycles, tandems: some ingenious dog-lovers have even provided accommodation for their pets on the backs of their bicycles, and take them on shopping expeditions and into the country

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS.—There are howlers—and howlers. There is no accepted standard of polite knowledge among the "cultured," or, indeed, among the alumni of the public schools. The lacunæ and black-outs in the human storehouse of knowledge are many and varied and inexplicable—and forgivable! For knowledge is infinite and the storehouse limited in size. You will find that really well-informed minds are the gentlest with howlers and with ignorance. "Pure ignorance, Madam," was Dr. Johnson's answer to a charge of making a howler in his Dictionary. Dr. Johnson knew the limitless field of knowledge and the limitations of the human mind and memory. But lesser men, and especially those with wonderful memories, are always hard on errors. Lord Macaulay, for instance. He was an intellectual snob, as his "every schoolboy knows" clearly proves, and he never let pass a slip or a howler in his literary criticism. So, too, the average correspondent in a journalist's mail can never pass a detected printer's error. He always thinks it worth 2½d. to point out the obvious and reveal his culture.

It is the rule that the less you know, the more you howl at howlers. The more you learn (and write), the less you are inclined to the practice.

Ideally, of course, a man should write only about what he knows; in practice, if he writes for a living, he can seldom keep to that ideal. Indeed, there is probably no subject, however narrow in scope, however specialised, on which he could claim to write with knowledge or run no danger of being found out. For these (and other) reasons I have become gentle with error in other writers and very seldom expose a howler.

The other Sunday, Desmond MacCarthy exposed a whale of a howler in Dr. F. D. Ommanney's *House in the Park*, which he praised greatly. I have not yet read it. I requote the "howler," not to trounce the author, but to test some theories concerning accepted standards of polite knowledge.

Here it is, in all its "shameful" nakedness:

"There was a time when the old Duke of Cambridge used to shoot rabbits in Richmond Park. I am not quite sure which Duke of Cambridge it was, or whether indeed there was ever more than one, but I have a vague idea he was a brother of Queen Victoria."

A Classic Howler.—Now this is surely a *locus classicus*, the Emperor of Howlers. You will say, in defence, that not even Macaulay would expect "every schoolboy" to know how many Dukes of Cambridge there have been. But the most tolerant critic would agree that a cultured English writer, capable of writing a beautiful book of real value to social historians, ought to know that Queen Victoria was the only issue of the marriage of the Duke of Kent to Mary Louisa Victoria of Saxe-Coburg and Saalfeld, the widow of the Prince of Leiningen; and that if she had had a brother of the whole blood, he and not she would have worn the Crown laid down by William IV, and would have shot bigger game than rabbits. "Pure ignorance, Madam," simply won't do here. There is a limit even to ignorance?

Obviously, this must be an instance of something quite different. It must be a unique example of a black-out. It can't be left where it is. What will Dr. Ommanney do? I offer him a way out. One trifling correction in the print of the second edition of his book will set all right. If he will alter "have" to "had" before "a vague idea," the reader will gladly presume that once (in his nursery days) he had a vague idea that that Duke of Cambridge was Queen Victoria's brother, just as in my nursery days I had a vague idea of an "almighty God who hatest nothing but the housemaid."

Surely that was what Dr. Ommanney wrote, or intended to write. But if it is not so, then my excuse-theory falls to the ground, and we must fall back on the temporary black-out, since every schoolboy, for all the gaps in the education even of six-formers, is at least turned off with a minimum standard of knowledge which would prevent his muddling even the anti-thesis of the Salic law to that extent.

Indeed, we dare not leave it as a "howler," as "pure ignorance"; for its repercussions are so wide, it knocks over every Aunt Sally within range, the whole house of cards of human knowledge crashes to the ground. Not Dr. Ommanney alone is branded. His publisher is condemned. Does he publish books he has never read? The author's best friend and saviour is condemned. The omniscient printer's reader, not to add the typesetter, is branded as abysmally ignorant or asleep at his post.

That way madness lies. Dr. Ommanney must accept my emendation. Of course he wrote "had."

I offer it with humility. How many errors have crept into *my* text hereinbefore? Have I properly described the Duchess of Kent? Did Queen Victoria succeed William IV? Was she an only child of this marriage? Was she the Duke's daughter? Is anything certain in human life or knowledge?

It was only the other day I wrote down and "passed for press,"

"For thirty pieces *Pilate* sold himself, not Christ."

And I was mortally offended when a reader scoffed at my ignorance. But *I* couldn't argue that I had written *Judas*. I could only claim a mental black-out.

In my youth the older generation was very prone to scoff at ignorance. I was early taught to blush for howlers. Echoing still in my heart is the hoot of execration which greeted a guest's: "Venus of Milo? Yes, marvellous sculptor, Milo." And yet, I don't know. Perhaps Milo *was* a sculptor. Why should not Milo be the peer of Praxiteles?—And have I spelt Praxiteles right and was he perhaps a place-name?

I am on the side of Dr. Johnson. I condemn no man and no howler. I know enough to know that I know nothing for certain, and nothing for keeps. One can't know everything. Is it more important to know who the Duke of Cambridge was or who discovered the circulation of the blood or vaccination? The margin of error in the matter printed in the world's presses every day is almost limitless.

The hack quotations from the poets and from holy writ, which are cited to point a journalist's or orator's conclusions, gape with errors.

How many cultured men will convince themselves that they "know Gray's *Elegy* by heart"? How many, if challenged, could quote a single stanza without a mistake?

"The Black-out."—Try it, if you disagree. But a reasonable man can hardly disagree in the face of the daily evidence of misquotation. Indeed, most hack quotations are better known in their corrupt form than in their originals—as, for example, "There is nothing new under the sun," or "But screw your courage to the sticking-*point*," or "Where the tree falleth, there it shall lie"; but, indeed, the list is inexhaustible, and it is a list of trivial and quite unimportant errors, serving only to prove how utterly fallible the human mind is and how very, very dangerous is the mildest assumption of omniscience. Without touching on the larger question posed by Pilate, an educated man, if his experience of life serves him at all, must come at last to infinite humility concerning his store of knowledge and proven truth; and he must come at last to admit the fallibility of even the strongest and best-trained memory.

How often in his life has he experienced that black-out which besets even the healthiest in mind and body? How often is some piece of assured knowledge "on the tip of his tongue" and yet denied expression? How often does he remember the face but forget the name of an old acquaintance, and dodge down a side-street in dread of "a meeting in the black-out?" How often is a father posed with a question of "common knowledge" by one of his children, caught in the black-out, and forced to reply: "Pscha! It 's on the tip of my tongue"?

The memory black-out needs no excuses at all; and gaps and lacunæ in "common knowledge" are in the same category so long as no universal standard of common knowledge is internationally agreed.

Dr. Johnson was deplorably weak on "the parts of a horse." I doubt if Macaulay, who knew all about Lepanto, knew his way about the rigging of a brig.

Late enough in his life, King George V began painfully to fill the gaps in Mr. Dalton's syllabus of education for a Prince, and discovered that George *III* was *not* the son of George *II*. But during those early years of darkness and ignorance, he had learned a lot which many eminent historians may not yet know, of men and ships and stamps and sealing-wax, of cabbages and kings.

You are the Jury. You have listened patiently (I hope) to my summing-up in the case R. *v.* Ommanney.

Consider your verdict. Do you condemn him, or acquit him, or bring in the middle verdict of non-proven?

Perhaps it is a case for a Madeline Smith verdict: "Discharged, but don't do it again."

BALLET IN THE GLASGOW DOCKS: A scene from "Miracle in the Gorbals," a new ballet by Robert Helpmann which was produced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Princes Theatre last week. Razor gangs and a murder in the slum district are unusual incidents in this modernistic production

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE CIRCLE (Haymarket).—The 1944 theatre has just been blamed for being "revivalist," although the accusation has not, I imagine, any religious significance. If all plays revived were as brilliant, and their performance as enjoyable, as Somerset Maugham's *The Circle*, which is the only modern play in the present repertory season at the Haymarket, there would be no need for any grousing. In this original presentation of two generations of marriage-crashing and of how the adultery of the parents is visited on (or eagerly copied by) the children, the wit is just dazzling. Poorly acted, it would be an embarrassing experience, but Miss Yvonne Arnaud, Mr. Leslie Banks and Mr. Cecil Trouncer are immaculate. I liked vastly the obvious ability of Miss Rosalie Crutchley, who is, I think, a newcomer. Mr. John Gielgud contented himself with a smailish part; but as he has to play Hamlet several times a week there was possibly not much self-denial about this.

Hamlet (Haymarket).—This play, so I believe, is also a revival. I certainly seem to have seen it before. Mr. Gielgud, if not the greatest Hamlet of all time, is both graceful and intelligent, and is pretty high up on the list. Mr. Leslie Banks, as the King, had the music of Shakespeare in his voice, and far more virility. Polonius I had always regarded as Shakespeare's chief bore, but Mr. Miles Malleson made him most amusing as well as incredibly old. He must have been nearly eighty when Ophelia (Miss Peggy Ashcroft) was born. There are very few "cuts" in this production.

The Breadwinner (Arts).—More Maugham—and also a revival, for I recall seeing this play at the Vaudeville in 1931. It has not the comedic qualities of *The Circle*, and so far as the author can ever achieve dullness he has done so in the first act. But later there is plenty of fun in the explanations of a middle-aged City man (Mr. Denys Blakelock) as to why he proposes to leave his family, after having duly provided for them financially. A very human situation, this.

Daughter Janie (Apollo).—The only two plays to have "got the bird" in London in recent years have both dealt with young girls making flagrant love to American soldiers. I do not think this is a case of cause and effect, but occurred because the plays were so very, very poor. All the same, I have known many a worse play escape the hoots and boos which greeted *Daughter Janie*. It has some bright spots and an amusing performance by little Miss Betty Blackler, who is one of the few child actresses I have not wanted to slap hard. But irritating in the extreme were three of her adult colleagues, who yelled and screamed like hell-cats.

It Depends What You Mean (Westminster).—This is a brilliantly funny play—if you can call it a play. It resembles rather a prolonged revue sketch, with a burlesque of the Brains Trust (here mainly discussing marriage) as its subject. James Bridie's first-class brain and keen sense of humour make it a near-masterpiece, and I have not enjoyed so much laughter in the theatre for years. The acting is well worthy of it—with Mr. Alastair Sim as the question-master, Miss Angela Baddeley as an artist's wife, and that splendid veteran Mr. O. B. Clarence as a deaf doctor gloriously to the fore.

MISS CLAIRE LUCE RETURNS TO ENGLAND: The well-known American actress recently arrived in London in uniform, on her way to entertain U.S. troops. Now forty-one years of age, Miss Luce made frequent appearances in London before the war. For some time past she has been in New York

A NEW COIFFURE FOR MISS LANA TURNER: This new hair style has been adopted by the screen actress for the film she is now making, *Women's Army*. It conforms to W.A.C. rules and regulations, and is done in braids and rolls "off the collar" to meet Army requirements

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARY: a charming picture of the Queen-Mother taken at the christening of Prince Richard, younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, on October 20. Queen Mary is now in her seventy-eighth year, and—since the war—lives in the West Country

THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON MARRIES AN ENGLISH-WOMAN: The marriage between Dr. Hassan Nachat Pasha and Miss Patricia Mary Pansy Priest (of Luppitt, Devon) took place at the Egyptian Embassy a few days ago. Miss Priest is twenty-three, the bridegroom is fifty-five. According to Egyptian law, no diplomat may marry a foreign bride: Dr. Nachat Pasha will therefore have to resign, although his bride has announced that she has already taken the Moslem faith. King Zog (on left) and Queen Geraldine of Albania (on right) were among the many guests at the wedding

PERSON-ALITY PAGE

THE ONLY WOMAN WHO KNEW THE INVASION SECRETS: Mrs. Mazika Lancaster constructed the cardboard models on which the work of building the pre-fabricated ports was based. She is in the middle twenties, and the wife of an officer.

THE NEW DEPUTY SUPREME COMMANDER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: Lieut.-General Joseph T. McNarney, fifty-one years of age, who has taken over his duties in succession to Lieut.-General Devers, now commanding the Sixth Army in France

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN IN UNIFORM IN PARIS: A picture taken after her arrival in the French capital, where she is opening the Allied Services Club, of which she is the head

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSECUTIONS: Mr. Theobald Mathew, who has just been appointed to succeed Sir E. Tindal Atkinson. He is forty-five years of age, and was the head of the Criminal Division of the Home Office. He is a member of the firm of Charles Russell and Co.

THE NEW CIVIL AIR MINISTER AT WORK IN LONDON: Lord Swinton, first Minister for Civil Aviation, who has returned from West Africa to take up his new post in London. He will soon cross the Atlantic by air for conferences on civil aviation in Canada and the United States

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A GLANCE AT THE NEWEST NOVELS

With a Choice of Background Ranging from Wales and Ireland and France to California and Modern China

THE most surprising thing about Mr. Lion Feuchtwanger's new novel is its shortness, since this is an author who likes, in the common phrase, to spread himself, and who is seldom content, as in the present case, with a mere 200-odd pages. Nevertheless, I think that SIMONE (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.) will be one of his most lasting successes. In many ways it seems written by another man from the author of *Jew Süss*; there is a deliberate avoidance of that broad sweep and that extravagance of setting which made his earlier books notable. Instead, there is a simplicity and a grace which make a very different appeal.

GERMANY—NAZI SCHOOLBOYS WHO FIRED ON ALLIED TROOPS: Four German boys opened fire on American troops of a heavy-weapon unit who were mopping-up near Aachen. They are Willy, aged fourteen; Bernhard, aged ten; and Victor Etschenburg, aged eight, brothers, and Hubert Heinrichs, aged ten, who were captured in a position from which they had been firing two rifles, one German and one American. Too heavy for the boys to handle, the arms rested on a wooden support. The young *francs-tireurs*, with their parents, are in custody in the barracks where evacuees from Aachen are billeted. It is likely that the parents will be held responsible for the actions of their children. In this picture, Willy Etschenburg, aged fourteen, a member of the Hitler Youth Movement, is on the left, then come Bernhard Etschenburg, aged ten, Hubert Heinrichs, aged ten, and Victor Etschenburg, aged eight

Simone is a fifteen-year-old French peasant girl working at her uncle's filling-station, and selling his black-market petrol to those who can afford it. She knows that the Germans are coming, for streams of refugees moving southward are pouring through the little town. She knows too that when the Germans do come there will be traitors in her community ready to collaborate with them, and she can guess just who these traitors will be.

In her dreams, she lives again the experiences of her heroine, Joan of Arc, and she sees Joan's betrayers alive again as her own fellow-citizens. Imbued with the spirit of the Maid, Simone determined that the German advance shall not be helped by her uncle's trucks and petrol, and she sets fire to the garage. When the Germans enter the town, the uncle makes Simone sign a statement that it was she who destroyed the place, and she is sent to a German reform school—the ill-famed Grey House. Even as she leaves for this prison her spirit does not weaken; she is confident that she can survive even this.

In a way, this is a little story, no more than an incident in the whole tale of warfare, but its very simplicity is moving and memorable.

Don't they sometimes say that books on Ireland never sell? I've found one about Donegal, neither a novel nor a volume of memoirs nor a diary, but something of all three, which might disprove that discouraging theory. VALLEY OF GRANEEN (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is rather a book of sketches commemorating a year or more spent in one of the wettest and remote of West Ireland villages. The weather was almost constantly what we should call very bad, comfort was non-existent and the highest form of luxury was a roof that kept the rain out and the warmth of a peat fire in.

But Mr. Sean Dorman was of the contemplative temperament to enjoy it, and practical enough at the same time to make his tumbledown cottage fairly sound and, most important of all, to adapt himself to the ways of the community in which he had chosen to live.

And that was odd enough in itself. The curious thing to some of us may be that Mr. Dorman really did enjoy it all, and the interesting thing is that he has been able to convey the quality of his enjoyment even to a reader who cannot understand its causes.

THE HORRIBLE DUMMY (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is a collection of twenty-three very short stories by Mr. Gerald Kersh, some of which are also very good. Except that in the past he has written a good deal about soldiers and non-commissioned officers, I cannot agree with the publishers that his writing derives from the Kipling school, or even reminds one particularly of that master. Mr. Kersh's talent is very much his own. He is making his own place in the English literary world, and in his case it is unnecessary either to argue or convince by analogy.

One of these stories I remember with some vividness having read before, when it was included as a passage in the novel *The Nine Lives of Bill Nelson*. This is a story which I then found impressive, and which loses nothing in re-reading. Many of the other stories are brief character-sketches, told in a conversation between two people, a device which suits Mr. Kersh's inclination to easy and fluid dialogue. And all of them bear the author's imprint as surely in their way as Edgar Allan Poe's in theirs.

NOBODY LIVES FOR EVER (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is, within its very precise limitations, a thoroughly satisfactory novel. Mr. W. R. Burnett's style is the same briskly-moving, lucid manner that one remembers from *Little Cæsar*, a minor classic of American crime fiction. The theme is still America and still one of the criminal sub-strata; this time the "big-time" and "small-time" confidence men whose swindles are apparently known as operations, and are as carefully planned as military campaigns.

In the wartime California of Mr. Burnett's story, the characters are interested neither in moving pictures nor in the war effort; they are strictly on the chisel. (I think the phrase is correct.) They might also be termed a bunch of heels. But if so, they are heels of such toughness and resilience that they are worth studying. And especially when you have this particular author writing about them.

Even when Miss E. M. Ward is writing, as in her new novel, about Christmas parties, mad Welsh tramps or rich Armenians, there is still a soothing quality about her work that makes it very attractive to the reader who may have to contend with the printed word in a crowded railway train, after a day's exhausting queueing or in an all-too-domestic centre. VOICES IN THE WIND (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) is set in North Wales, near Conway, and deals, amongst other things, with the love-affairs of two young creatures both infatuated with the same young man. I say "amongst other things" advisedly, since, with all due respect, Miss Ward never grips the thread of a plot so tightly that there is any danger of its snapping, but rather plays it along comfortably, taking time out now and then to introduce a diverting newcomer or to expatiate on the rigours of amateur antiquarianism. The love-story of vivid, pretty Jan and placid, pretty Biddy, and their, as it were, mutual Colin, soon fails to hold the attention, but it scarcely matters, since one has the secure assurance that everything is going to be for the best in the best of all possible Wales, and that in the meantime there is plenty going on up in the hills with the archæologists (a hardy tribe), or down in Colwyn Bay with the Ministry of Food people!

Very good value, in other words.

Mr. Leo Walmsley has finally succumbed entirely to the autobiographical form, which will be a satisfaction to many of his readers who have tried to piece together in his novels those passages which seemed to them most evidently about Mr. L. W. and his current doings. SO MANY LOVES (Collins. 12s. 6d.) tells the story of the author's career from early boyhood, when his life was mainly devoted to deep-sea fishing and excursions into marine biology; his flying experiences in Africa during the last war; his early efforts in authorship and, after further travel in Europe and Africa, his later and comparatively unsuccessful ventures into the film world.

You will be familiar, if you've read your Walmsley, to recognise many of the characters from *Love in the Sun* and *Phantom Lobster*. I don't think, by the way, that the author is very fortunate with his titles. All of them seem to indicate different kinds of books, and he says himself that *Phantom Lobster* made many people expect a crime story. But titles apart, I have very little fault to find.

HOLLAND—THE YOUNG CABBY AT EINDHOVEN. This Dutchman dresses in gold braid and shoulder-cords and smokes cigars in his off-moments. With his horsed cab, he presents a striking contrast to the war scenes all about him in the streets of the battered town

Miss Lin Taiyi is a young Chinese lady of seventeen who has written a remarkable novel about the present war in China—WAR TIDE (Collins. 8s. 6d.) Granted that one of the remarkable things about it is the age of the author, it remains an intelligent and, as far as I am able to judge, an authentic picture of China at war, and of the new generation there.

The story is of a family who have a silk shop in Hangchow, and who, before the war, are happy and united, even to their relations by marriage who live with them. The members of the family, however, are diversified, and the driving power in them has skipped a generation, passing from the tyrannical grandmother, the Old Lady, to her granddaughter, who is a brave girl, and who in time assumes leadership when they are threatened by bombing.

The pattern is formal enough, but it is made in bright, clear young colours which have their own freshness. An easy, disciplined style is perhaps too much to expect, but in spite of repetitions and certain angularities of expression, something of the wisdom and the childlike character of the people comes through.

FRANCE—THE MAYOR OF BOULOGNE ATTENDS HIS FIRST PUBLIC CEREMONY: When the new Mayor, M. Eugene Canu, attended his first official public ceremony, the local French Forces of the Interior headed the parade to the market square carrying their standard, the Cross of Lorraine. Boulogne was finally cleared of the enemy on September 22, 1944. This picture gives a general view of the ceremony, with the flags of the Allies flying from a specially-erected standard. British troops representing the Liberation Forces are in the foreground

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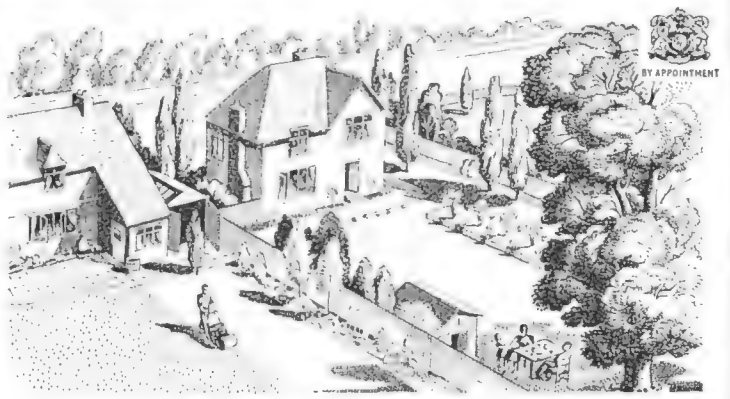

WHERE I live we shall have had enough of shopping on Saturday afternoons and going on duty Sundays. How nice to bring the garden back to life and discover in the process the deep satisfying enjoyment to be had from it. The roses, the potting shed, the soft green carpet of turf, the colour and the fragrance. And tea under the elm. And how peaceful it will be. Just the sound of Mr. Robinson's Atco mowing his lawn next door. We've done ours . . . how lovely to relax!

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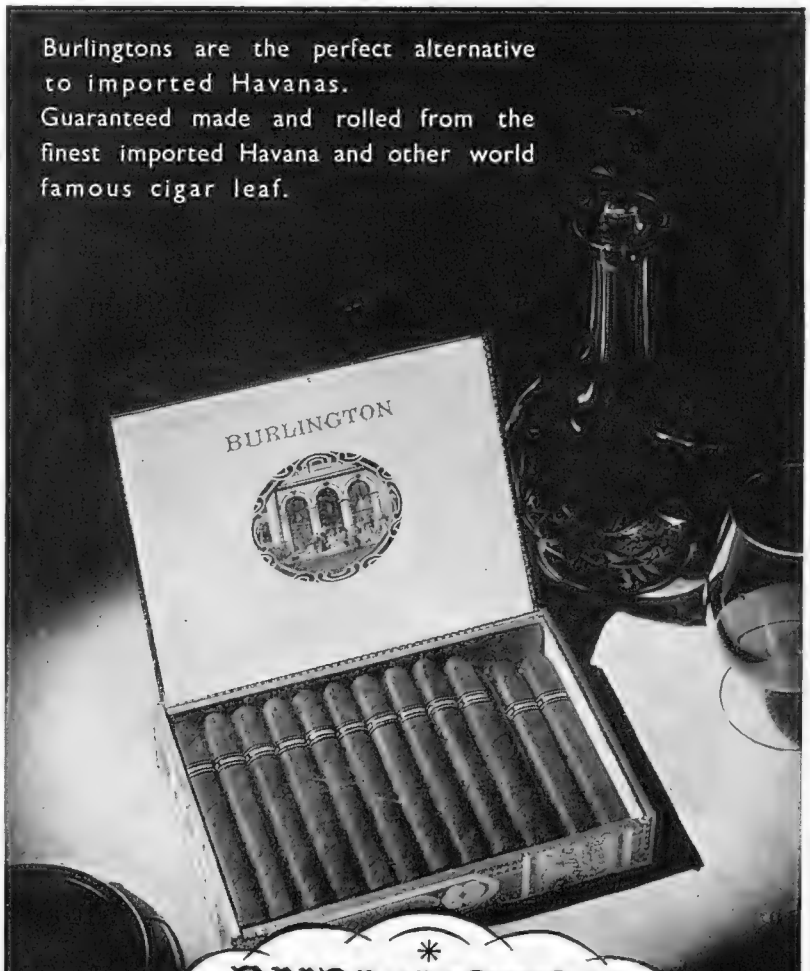

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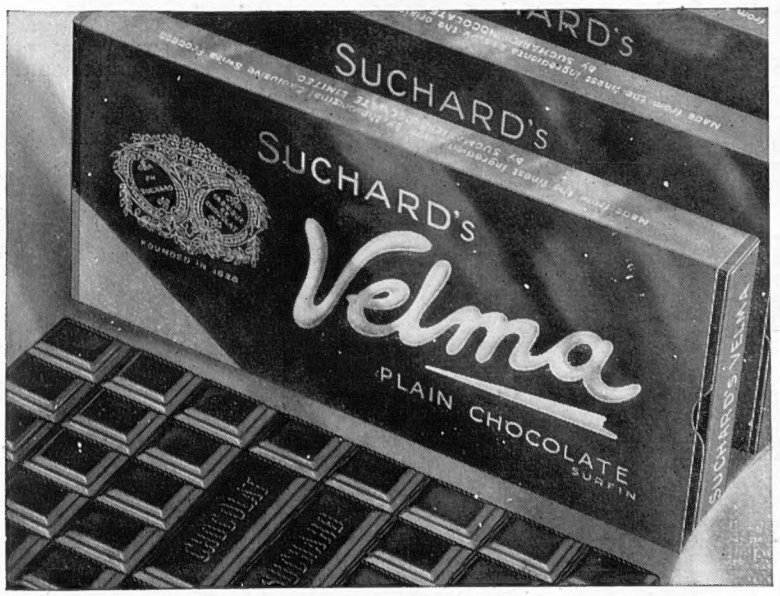

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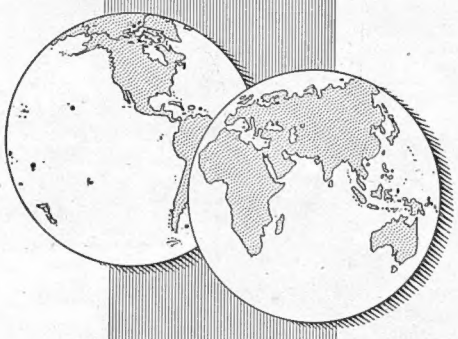

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SEROCALCIN assists the *natural* defences of the body to repel organisms that cause colds. It has been prescribed by Doctors for many years.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin tablets gives 3 to 4 months immunity in some 8 out of 10 cases. Existing colds usually respond to Serocalcin in 48 hours.

There are no "drugs" in Serocalcin and no unpleasant reactions. It can be given to children with perfect safety.

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★

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Milk of Magnesia (Regd.) *Tablets*

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.

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NOV. 11
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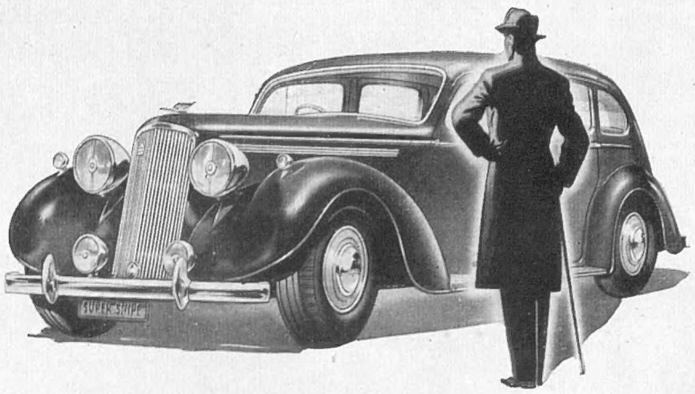
NOV. 11
PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY
REMEMBRANCE DAY

LOOKING AHEAD !



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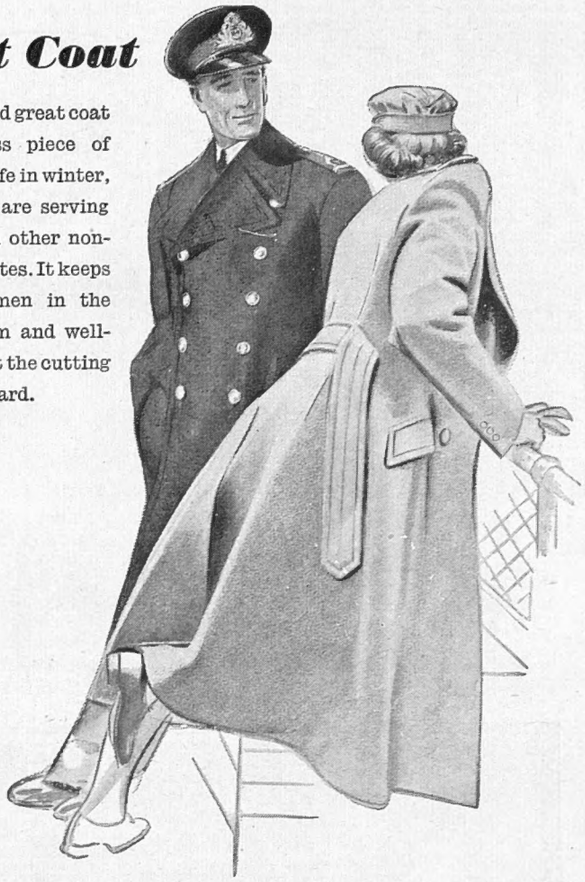

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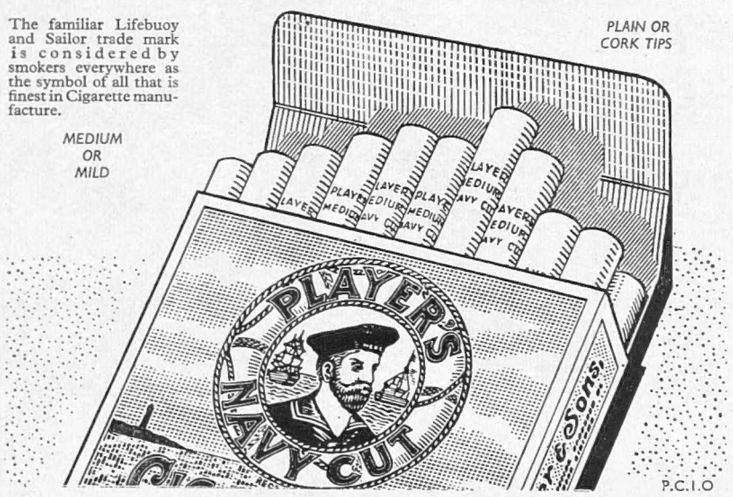
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS



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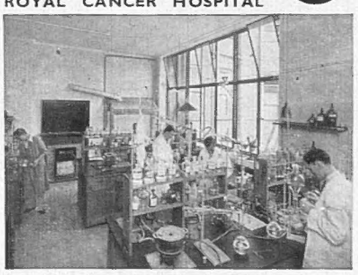
SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS of the ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL



A corner of one of the Research Laboratories.

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Registered under the War Charities Act 1940

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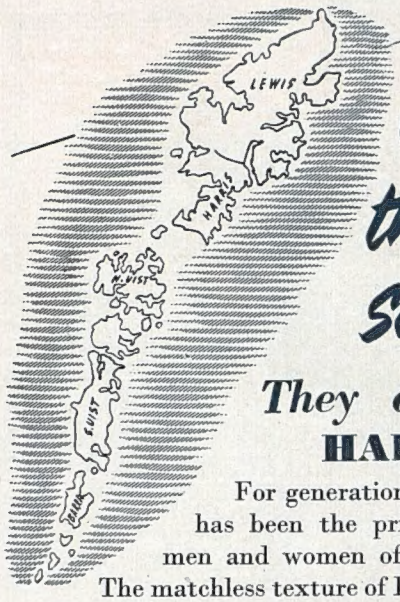
FOR BETTER SHAVES



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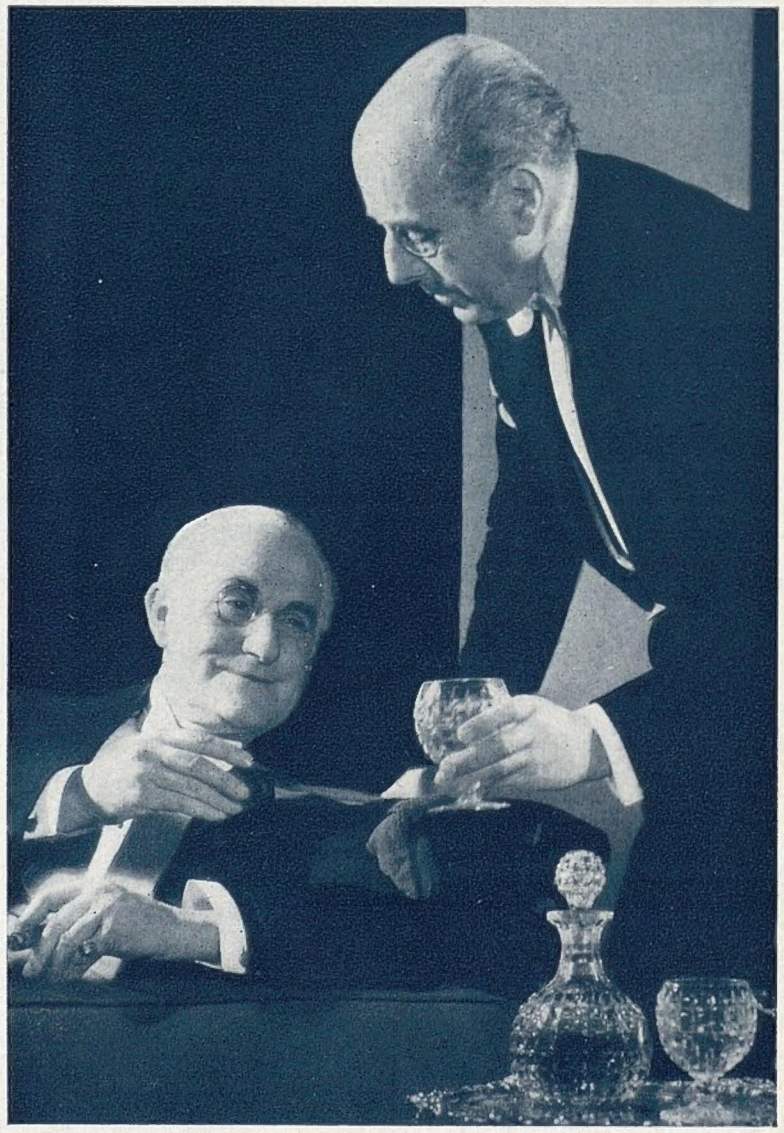

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